ARE THEY PUTTING J. EDGAR HOOVER ON THE SPOT?

OCT. 17,
1936

Liberty

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COLE BRADLEY

LEGION OF LOST SOULS

A FIRSTHAND STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN AT GALLIPOLI — THE PENINSULA OF DEATH

by Captain
BLACKLEDGE

DORA MACY, WILL IRWIN, POP WARNER
and IGOR I. SIKORSKY

DON'T GRUMBLE ABOUT RISING PRICES

Stop them

During last two years . . . Rent up 15% . . . Food up 37% . . . Clothes up 22%—WHY?

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Here's one reason everybody can understand. Taxes are added into your rent. They're a big slice of your gas and electric bill. Gasoline averages 40% taxes. 53 taxes go into a loaf of bread. Everything you buy is a tax collector. Therefore prices go up when taxes go up.

Government spending now equals almost 1/3 of our national income!

Many government expenses are worthwhile. But probably a third of what national, state and local governments spend is wasted. That's five billion dollars, $166.00 for each family in America. If we don't *do something,* where will the waste stop? Ten billions? Twenty billions?

Don't blame the landlord and the grocer for the high cost of living. It's your own fault. Only you can stop government waste and promote economical, efficient government. This is how to do it; *take these two steps now:*

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2. Write three letters. One to your Mayor, or County Clerk, one to your Governor, one to the President. Say: "*I want the cost of government reduced,*" and sign your name.

There are forty millions of us, working to pay for local, state and federal government. It's up to us to insist that the government watch its expenses as carefully as we do ours. After all, it's our money the tax wasters are spending.

DO YOUR PART TO BRING BACK ECONOMY IN GOVERNMENT

Register . . . Vote . . . Replace the wasters with lawmakers who will SAVE public money.

Space for this message is provided by Liberty
because of a firm conviction that a reduced cost of government is vital to the interests of all its readers.

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A MOST WHOLESOME FORM OF WHISKEY

OCTOBER 17, 1936

Liberty

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BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALLACE H. CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

Communism Is National Capitalism

BERNARR MACFADDEN

WHEN you hear the communists rail at capitalism, you might imagine that the demonstration that is being made in Russia of the Communistic form of government had brought us the millennium—that human greed and selfishness were at last abolished.

But what really is the financial difference between the capitalism of this country and the communism of Russia?

In Russia all the property is owned by the government. Values of every kind are controlled by governmental officials. Communism is therefore capitalism, in a sense, because all the capital is owned and controlled by the members of the Communist Party.

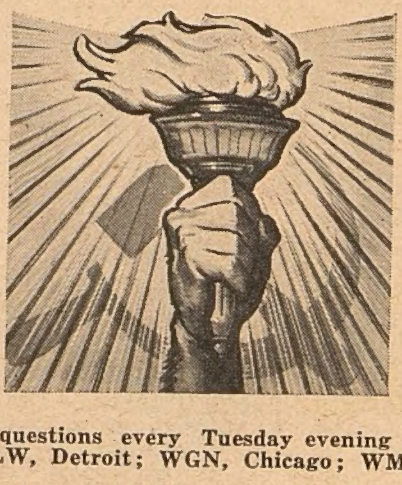
Russia is a wealthy country. The bloody revolution that followed the Czars' regime meant the confiscation of all property. Every citizen who had anything was murdered. All Russian property was therefore turned over to the communistic mobs.

It has been stated that there are one or two million communists in Russia and that they are in absolute control of the country.

They never worked for the riches they now dominate. They never earned even a small part of it. All capital is government-owned.

Now, the acquirement of capital in our country has been a natural process. We grew from a country of backwoodsmen to the wealthiest nation in the world. Here our citizens have not climbed over the dead bodies of innocent people. Through years of study and careful attention to detail they have built a place for themselves. They have earned the rewards they have received.

And when communists prate about the advantages to workers under the Russian regime as compared to conditions in our country, it is not unlike comparing a paradise of freedom to African enslavement. Here every worker is free. At the present time he is fed and housed if jobs are not available. His dependents are cared for.



But our principle heretofore has been, "A job for every man who wants to work." Although our great enterprises may be in the hands of one or two million people, there are millions of our citizens who own their own businesses, who rely on their personal initiative to earn their livelihood. But they are free as the birds of the air. They are not regimented, compelled to follow the orders of an arrogant and sometimes ignorant boss.

If today we embraced communism, Jim Farley would probably be the Stalin of this country and the politicians throughout the nation who are working under him would be his overseers and everybody would have to kowtow to them.

And how would the workers like men of that type to be their bosses instead of the dominating figures who have, through merit, climbed into their positions, and who with but few exceptions know how to treat their fellow workers with consideration?

How an intelligent American can seriously consider the desirability of changing our form of government for communism is an unsolvable mystery. The only explanation that can be offered is the neglect to give the subject serious consideration.

But the difference between a horse hitched to a dray and an eagle flying overhead who can go and come when and where he pleases startlingly presents the contrast between Americanism and communism. One gives us personal liberty, freedom; the other, regimentation, enslavement.

Bernarr Macfadden

Hear Bernarr Macfadden's radio discussion of national questions every Tuesday evening at 10 P. M., E. S. T., on Stations WOR, Newark; WLW, Cincinnati; CKLW, Detroit; WGN, Chicago; WMCA, New York.

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I AM GOING TO A MOVIE *FOR THE FIRST TIME*

Believe It or Not, Liberty Has Found a Sophisticated Citizen Who, at 46, Has Never Seen One!

by

JOHN R. TUNIS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

John R. Tunis. He'll see some pictures and give his reactions in next week's Liberty.

Do you remember the first movie you ever saw? Possibly you've forgotten the name, the characters, the actors, everything about it except the thrill it gave you. Well, that thrill is coming to me at the age of forty-six. I've never seen a movie!

Hardly seems possible, does it, that a normal American could reach that age without ever having seen a movie? You can't imagine such a person? Well, it's a fact. I'm Exhibit A. The gent who has never been to the pictures.

This might sound as if I were a crank. I'm not. You see, it happened like this. For many years my job as a sports writer on a New York newspaper didn't give me a chance to visit picture palaces at night. Whenever I had any spare time in the afternoon, I wanted exercise. I like to play games as well as watch 'em. So you can easily understand that whereas some folks fall naturally into the movie habit, I fell naturally away from it.

Then one day, suddenly, bang-bang! I found myself falling from grace.

It was back in 1932. And strictly in line of duty. I was covering the Davis Cup matches between France and the United States in Paris. On the first afternoon a close match ended in a dispute. A shot near the line, a shout from the umpire, a roar from the crowd, and the fight was on! That ball was good—it was not good. It was—it wasn't.

The next morning a movie palace on the boulevards advertised a newsreel of the match showing that *disputed point*. It was up to me to see that movie. By this time, however, not going to the pictures had become kind of a game with me. I'd had several narrow escapes in previous years, and things had reached the point where it gave me a kick to say I hadn't yet seen a movie. That may be foolish, but it's a fact. So I just forgot all about the disputed point and the newsreel.

Until the afternoon, when two reporter friends decided they had to see the film and decide whether the ball was good or not. Of course I'd go too. I protested in a feeble way, but they paid no attention. Naturally, I'd have to see it—why, it was part of the job. I was hooked. There wasn't any way out. We started walking toward the movie house. Here goes my record of twenty years, I said to myself.

I can't recall now what they were talking about, those two. That infernal point, probably. I know what I was thinking about as we crossed over the boulevard. I was thinking of my infernal record. It ought to make a headline: Man Breaks Record: Sees Movie for First Time. It was right there at the corner of the Capucines where the Chaussée d'Antin comes into the boulevard. Twenty years—a long time.

IOW PLAYING

Well, no hope for it. Here goes. . . .

"Attention!"

A rasping French voice. A horrible noise. Then blackness. When I woke up I was in a French hospital.

Believe it or not, my wandering thoughts as I stepped off the curb into the traffic on the boulevard cost me a couple of cracked ribs, several thousand francs, and no small amount of pain. But, anyhow, my record was safe.

Then what? Well, put yourself in my place. It took an accident and a couple of months in bed in a French *clinique*, but I still had to see my first movie. What would you do then? Just the same as I, probably. You'd feel, wouldn't you, that the pictures weren't your meat? Call it destiny or anything you want—I never could get to the movies. Even with the help of friends.

Destiny had kept me from the movies, and before long I began to believe in it. Now I'm about to surrender.

A hard-boiled editor heard about it and sent for me. "Never seen a movie, hey?" He was just a little incredulous. "All right, go to one. Go to several. Tell us how they hit you. Tell us what it's like for a normal American to see his first movie at the age of forty-six. Go to it!" That's what he said. And that's what I'm going to do.

Yes, I'm seeing a movie at last. I'm about to lose my amateur standing.

How do you think I'll like 'em? What'll be my reactions to Garbo? How do you suppose Radio City will strike me, and will I fall for Margaret Sullavan? Remember, so far as the pictures are concerned I start from scratch. From minus scratch. I don't know a thing. Imagine yourself in my place. Wouldn't you be thrilled at what was coming, at what you had before you? So am I. I'll be seeing this magical world I've heard so much about and read so much about, for years past, with a fresh mind. I won't know whether the photography is improving or not—whether the acting gets better every year. I'm not a fan, nor a producer, not even a movie critic. I'm just a man who has never seen a movie.

I'm going at this systematically. First came lessons in the Hollywood dialect. What a flopperino was, and why a floating room doesn't float. Then, I've been catching up in my homework. I've been reading the movie pages in Liberty. Yes, and what a world they reveal! The more I read, the more I realize I've been missing something for these past twenty-five years.

After all, life hasn't so many pleasures that we can afford to toss one up, and I see now that I've been making a mistake. Sixty million Americans can't be wrong. There's something in the movies, and I want to find out what that is.

THE END

He shaved this morning!

"John Henry! *when* did you shave?"

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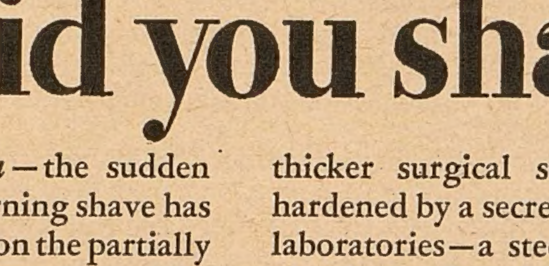


GEM MICROMATIC *Razor and Blades*

BEGINNING

LEGION OF LOST SOULS

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

by CAPTAIN W. J. BLACKLEDGE

IF the Gallipoli campaign had succeeded, if the British troops had carried the heights of the peninsula and, with the assistance of the navy, had pressed on to the capture of Constantinople, the Great War would have cost the world not four years of blood and horror but something less than two.

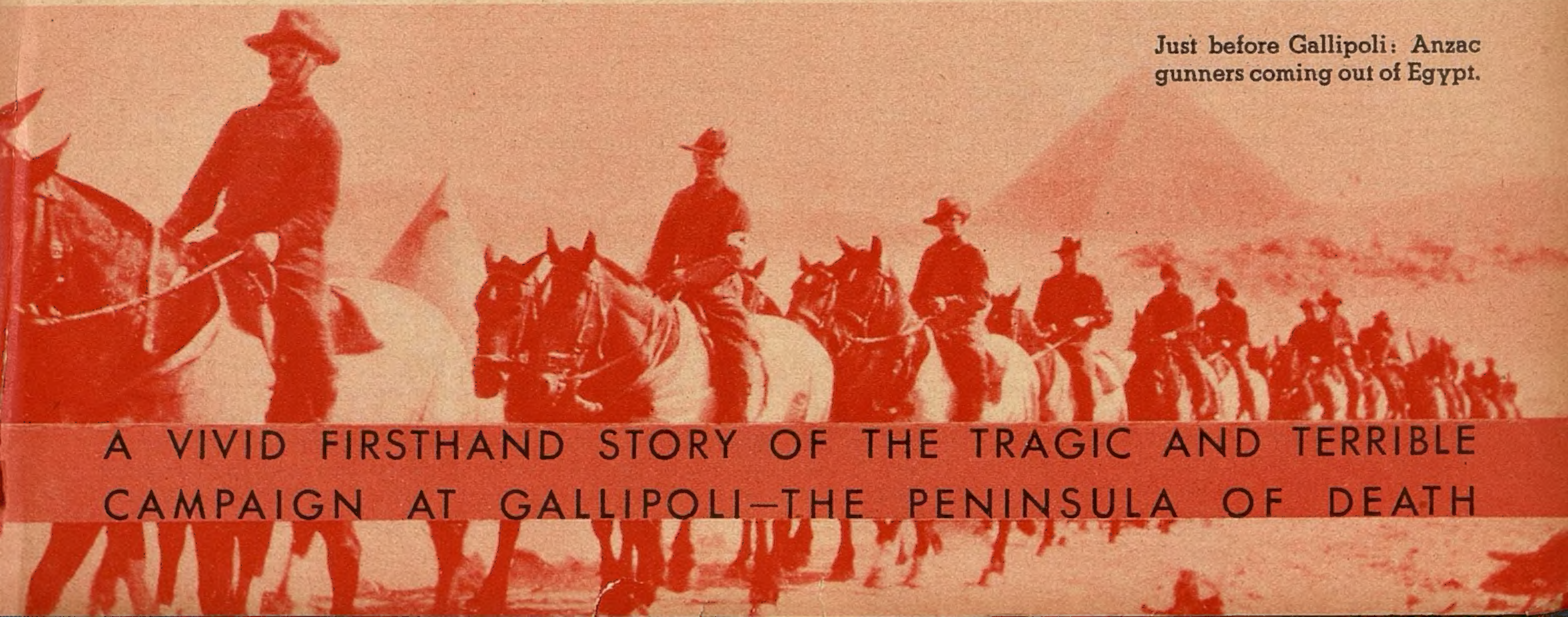
All available evidence points to this one indisputable fact: concentration toward success on the Gallipoli front by the Allied Powers would have ended the war by 1916. Gallipoli was the key to the whole situation.

With Constantinople captured, the Ottoman forces throughout Syria, Mesopotamia, Palestine, and along the west coast of Arabia would have been starved into submission within a few weeks. Hundreds of thousands of Allied troops would thus have been freed for service elsewhere. Furthermore, the Allies would have had a clear road to Russia by the southern entrance. They could have gone to her aid with guns and munitions and taken in exchange wheat, timber, and oil, which were sorely needed. Admitting that Russia's Revolution had to come, it need not have been in 1917. It might well have come after the close of the war and with wise counsels prevailing against war-maddened Bolshevists. Meanwhile Germany would have been hemmed in completely.

Moreover, the moral effect of the capture of Constantinople throughout Islam could hardly be overestimated. Britain would have been spared such humiliations as that of conveying the famous Bengal Lancers to Mesopotamia only to have them mutiny at the base rather than fight their Mohammedan brethren the Turks. It would not have been necessary to maintain enormous garrisons throughout India. France would have been saved a great deal of trouble with the Moslem elements in North Africa.

Altogether, we might well have finished with the devastation of that war by Christmas of 1915.

This is not a case of being wise twenty-one years after



Just before Gallipoli: Anzac gunners coming out of Egypt.

A VIVID FIRSTHAND STORY OF THE TRAGIC AND TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN AT GALLIPOLI—THE PENINSULA OF DEATH the event. The way out was just as obvious in 1914. There were those who strove then with might and main to stress this view. It is, however, one thing to declare war but quite another to control that war. Modern war is a Frankenstein's monster of enormous power. Britain went to the aid of France. But she soon discovered that, although she was throwing millions of men and money into the conflict, she was by no means a free agent. The Gallipoli campaign stands out as the supreme example. It had its origin in the appeal from Russia for a demonstration against the Turks in another quarter so as to ease the pressure in south Russia.

Here, then, was the opportunity for farsighted British leaders. Chief among these was Winston Churchill. He advocated not merely a demonstration but naval action to open a passage through the Dardanelles, and a land force to cross the neck of the peninsula with the object of capturing Constantinople.

The plan was sound enough. It did not pan out. There were forces at work behind the British government. Britain's war policy was " tied to the tails of the French." Marshal Joffre, who was in command of the French armies until the end of 1916, was also in command of the military policy of the Allies. And he was not interested in the Gallipoli project. He could see only the German menace to France. He wanted all that Britain could give —for the western front. His attitude influenced certain members in the British cabinet.

MR. CHURCHILL'S scheme met with far too much hostility. In the end he authorized the fleet to attack the Dardanelles without the co-operation of the army. He did, in point of fact, rush the issue. The naval attack of March 18, 1915, failed. It did more. It alarmed the Turks. It roused them. With the help of their German masters they immediately began to prepare. Turkish troops were drafted to the heights of Gallipoli in vast numbers. They built entrenchments and fortifications. They were all set and waiting before ever a single Allied soldier was permitted to set foot on the shores of Gallipoli!

Result: the Allied expedition was ruined before it began. The heroic landing was made weeks *after* the fleet had been repulsed in its naval action. Yet the merest schoolboy knows that the first essential for success in any military operation is surprise!

The landing of the Twenty-ninth Division eventually took place on April 25, 1915. It was made on five widely separated beaches at the foot of the Helles cliffs, where the Turks lay snug in their fortified trenches, ready to sweep with withering fire any living thing that set foot ashore. Moreover, on the beaches and even in the sea they had planted barbed-wire entanglements.

Great numbers were trapped in the wire when they attempted to wade ashore. They were shot at while they drowned. One man out of every four was shot or drowned or both. The operation began at dawn. It went on with devastating ferocity throughout the day. Those who were not wounded or killed were pinned to the few yards of beach, where they fought for their lives until nightfall.

In this effort to get astride the peninsula, the Allies flung nearly half a million men on the shores of Gallipoli and sustained more than a quarter of a million casualties. The original landing troops composed the famous Twenty-ninth Division, the Anzac Corps (Australians and New Zealanders), and a French army, mainly African contingents. In eight months of the most grueling campaign the world has ever known not one position of any importance was gained. But there never was a greater feat of arms, never a finer epic of courage, bravery, human endurance.

At the end of those terrible eight months came winter —frost, floods, and intense cold. Then there was nothing further to be done except acknowledge defeat. Gallipoli was evacuated.

I now present the Gallipoli campaign through the impressions of one man in and out of the trenches. It is from the deeply engraved memory of Digger Craven, Australian trooper, that this narrative has been written.

And as I pen these words, in the year that marks the twenty-first anniversary of the Gallipoli campaign, comes the news that the Dardanelles Convention at Montreux has permitted Turkey to reoccupy the demilitarized zone of Gallipoli. Fifty thousand troops have returned to the unhappy peninsula to guard its shores against any possible future invasion. Turkey, at all events, has not forgotten the tragic past!

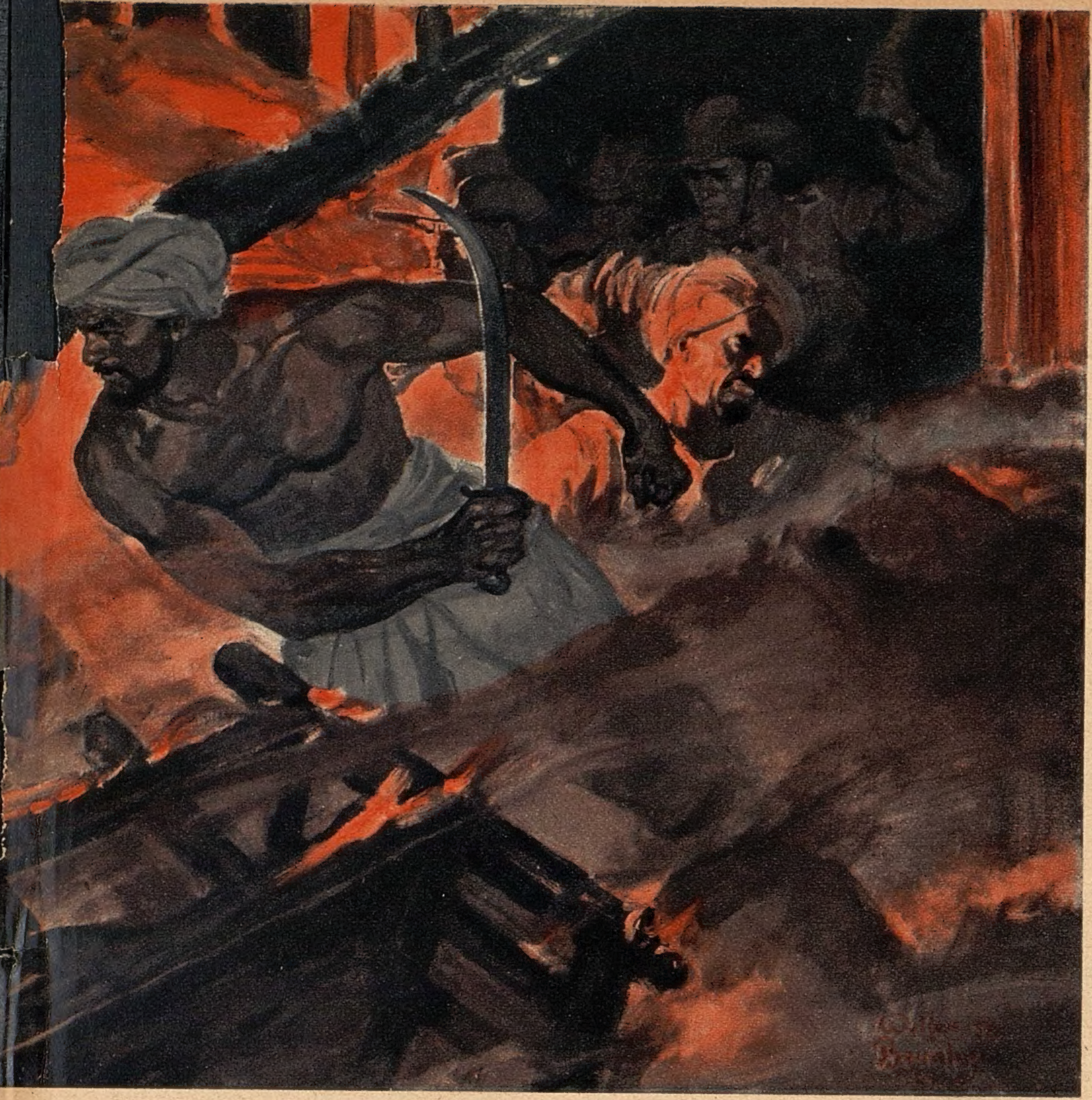
W. J. BLACKLEDGE.

PART ONE—RED LIGHTS . . AND BLOOD

MEN of the Anzac Corps were convinced that their presence on Gallipoli was the result of their behavior in Egypt. I never met an Australian or a New Zealander who did not hold that conviction. Our behavior in Egypt was pretty bad. We must have proved one of the biggest plagues ever visited upon that long-suffering country. But could any behavior be bad enough to earn the Gallipoli landing as a punishment? I doubt it.

Just how the riots started was a mystery. Maybe the incessant drilling and route-marching in the sand and heat had much to do with the trouble. It was the sort of life that would make any man desperate. There was no escape from the intolerable boredom and monotony except liquor and the sinister sisterhood. Troops were debarred from most other places, anyway.

In the evening the men would fill up with liquor and then wend their way toward the girls. There were some thirty thousand girls available at that time. There were also calculated excitements like the cancan and even more crazy exhibitions specially designed, or so it seemed, to appeal to troops bored stiff with the sun, the parching sand, and the drilling. And there were not enough girls, to judge by the queues of men at the doorways.



White, brown, and black fought like beasts—women as ferocious as men!

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

Such girls they were—from the tender age of eleven years up! They were of every color and shade, a score of nationalities, with French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Greek, and Jewish predominating, while the local admixtures of Egyptian, Arabian, and African served to swell their ranks. They lived in tall yellow barracks with tiny balconies from which they cried their wares in the peace of evening. A backwater of Cairo that stank. Into this sink of animalism swept the Anzac brigades.

Though they were not then known as Anzacs. That name was to come to them after their landing on Gallipoli. At first they were referred to as men of the A. N. Z. A. C. —Australian and New Zealand Army Corps—and these letters came to spell the name of the cove where they landed, while an S was added to designate these colonial troops.

TO the girls of the quarter they were a fine body of men, attractive in their swagger and colonial hats of felt with the wide sweeping brims. And they were in the money. Before very long great numbers of them were in the hospitals. I, like many others, would visit a hospital to see a friend. One visit would be enough for an ineradicable memory. The picture of those once-splendid men lying there rotting with disease is not to be described and cannot be forgotten.

Men still went to the quarter, even while they damned it. Then there was trouble between an Aussie and one of the "bullies." That tore everything.

I can recall a lovely evening, cool and pleasant after the heat of the day. I was strolling through the quarter with a friend. I cannot remember his name. He was known only as "Red." Red was a mountain of a man, six feet six, immense shoulders, powerful limbs, short-cropped red hair that stood off his head like a brush, and a clipped mustache of the same hue. He towered in a crowd of six-footers.

We strolled, out of funds, perfectly sober, indifferent to the appeals of these wenches. The murmur of the bazaar came to us on the soft breeze. Also the smells. It seemed to me that the place was less boisterous, less sinister. The color was there, the peculiar warmth, that strange fascination which will not be denied.

But there was a calm, an ominous calm.

"Queer," said Red. "What's afoot?"

It came, crashing into the soft murmur like the bursting of a shell. It seemed that everybody rushed into action—natives, idling urchins, strolling troops, all suddenly swung about, as it were, just as if they had been waiting for the signal. There was an ugly concerted rush toward a building, from which came the screams of women and the raucous yells of men.

It took us quite a while to break through the struggling mob and get near the wall of the house. When we did, they were bringing away, half-carrying him, an Aussie with his head split wide open and a great clot of blood on his temple.

A wave of red-hot passion swept the mob of khaki figures at the sight of that red gash. A wild howl went up. It echoed and re-echoed right through the length and breadth of the quarter. In a few seconds several thousand men were rushing into the doorways of the yellow barracks.

And suddenly tongues of flame were spurting from doors and windows. The air was full of the piercing shrieks of terrified women. Some of them, scantily clothed, appeared at the windows, white staring faces against a background of flaming red. They leaped as they screamed, grotesquely flying with naked arms and legs, crashing down upon the mob.

The street was filled with hot cries, yelling women and children, the pungent acrid breath of burning fabric, the fetid stench of a packed swaying mob, the reek of a crazy Eastern rabble sweating with excitement. The uproar was deafening. More women leaped from the burning building. Bits of burning furniture, household goods, flew through the air and raised a frightened howl when they fell upon heads jammed so tightly in the mass that none could escape. The luckless were trampled underfoot. The native element had brought their knives into play. A hundred free-for-all scraps were in progress. While men guffawed at the antics of a nude girl hanging from a ledge, a window above was thrust open, a tousled head appeared—a face contorted out of all human resemblance—and then two arms hoisted a huge earthen water jar out of the room behind and dashed it down upon the hapless heads below.

From a topmost story came hurtling a mass of flames, a thing alight. It seemed to float for a second up there, then fall, fire licking it as it dived through the air. One had a twisted vision of limbs aflame, as if some shop-window model had been set on fire and thrown from a great height. It dived into the yelping mob and disappeared.

There never was a riot quite like that. The whole thoroughfare was jammed tight with the maddened rabble. White, brown, and black, men and women, the races of three continents, jostled and struggled and fought like beasts of the jungle.

And the women could be as ferocious as the men! They clawed in the close confines of that swaying crowd, foaming at the mouth, the light of a strange lust in their black eyes.

There was an ominous crack, a rending. The whole façade of a building shuddered, shook, peeled down upon the dense throng. Shrieks and yells of pain as the flying embers struck. Frantic rushes this way and that. The harsh clanging of a bell broke through the uproar. The Egyptian fire wagon was cleaving a way through the crowd, thrusting aside the vociferous throng like some juggernaut of death. It came to a halt before the burning building. No sooner had it stopped than a swarm of figures clambered over it. Firemen were tossed over the heads of the people. The hose was slashed to ribbons and sent hurtling through the air.

A night of incredible delirium. The voice of authority merely added to the general confusion. The riot fought itself out. The mob exhausted itself. As it thinned the road was seen to be strewn with crumpled figures, broken heads, blood-smeared bundles. The natives were chased out of the area by infuriated troops. For a short hour the colonial soldiers ruled in that blood-spattered highway of the ancient so-called profession.

As night descended, there was only the moaning of wounded men and the wailing of beaten women. Swaggering bloodstained khaki figures went about in groups, in and out of the hovels, smashing and destroying, until there was hardly a room in all that district that was left untouched. Women and girls huddled in the damp cellars, incapable of offering further resistance, pitiful wretches now powerless against these groups of great muscular men—men who, however, were now strangely, savagely indifferent to all such appeal.

When we found room to move about, Red insisted upon breaking away from the mob and turning our steps toward a certain abode, the home of two women we had known. They were mother and daughter. A strange pair washed into this backwater of money-grubbing.

But they were different. At least we thought so—until we were disillusioned. They were of Jewish persuasion, the daughter plump and comely and copper-haired, the mother large-bosomed, statuesque, fearing nothing. They were of the quarter but not in it, since their home was situated a little distance away. Both had legitimate jobs in a café. It was there that we had made contact with them. For them, apparently, the joys of evening constituted something of a side line.

THAT was just where we were deceived. Because they were independent enough to be selective, we thought this adventure a cut above the tawdry business of the quarter. The first shock came when we now reached their abode. Clearly other men had known of it. It was smashed to bits. It had no more escaped than the rest of the quarter. We were confronted by two enraged women. They had been betrayed—if not by us, then by others of our crowd! Their home was in ruins. They had been robbed of their life savings.

They spat venom, these lovely black-eyed women; lashed with their tongues, used foul and unfamiliar oaths. I can see them now. I never lost the feeling of that terrible atmosphere, those two women, strange mother and daughter, with their air of seething mysticism, their violence. Hebrew, yes; but of the East, thoroughly Eastern in spite of their Western garb. Ghastly faces of mad imbecile women. Mother and daughter of the same age in their frightful tirade, vying with each other in blasphemy and disgusting indecencies. Bitter, vitriolic in their everlasting hell of hate. Their faces were curiously naked—naked with the truth of this hatred; and their eyes were like black holes burned into the pallor of their faces.

Red, big blundering Red, stood there, chewing his stiff brush of a mustache, pushing

(Continued on page twelve)

One of the five simultaneous landings at Gallipoli, photographed from the deck of the transport just at daybreak of April 26, 1915. Under the Turks' murderous fire a bridge of boats has come apart. Black spots are dead and wounded — mostly dead.

Now it can be told!

THE TRUTH ABOUT IRRITATION OF THE NOSE AND THROAT DUE TO SMOKING

Call for
Philip Morris

Men of science know that a certain ingredient, commonly used in the manufacture of cigarettes, is a definite source of irritation.

That is not news.

The news came when Philip Morris announced a daring difference in cigarette manufacture—the making of cigarettes *without* that ingredient—*without* that source of irritation.

Promptly a group of doctors set about to find out for themselves the effects of this advancement in manufacture. Their report* proves that on changing to Philip Morris, 3 out of every 4 cases of smokers' coughs cleared completely.

These facts have been accepted by eminent medical authorities. NO OTHER CIGARETTE CAN MAKE THIS STATEMENT.

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CREATORS OF FAMOUS CIGARETTES FOR 88 YEARS, ALWAYS UNDER THE PHILIP MORRIS NAME

(Continued from page ten)

thick fingers through the porcupine stubble of his crown. I, too, was taken aback. We were too astounded by this unexpected onslaught to do anything but stand and stare for several long minutes.

For all our swagger, our hard-bitten façades, we realized we were but innocents where those two women were concerned.

We left. That was the way of our going. We left Egypt a few days after that crazy riot, glad enough to shake the sand of the weird country from our feet. And Egypt was glad enough to see the back of us. A tremendous sigh must have heaved itself out of the dust when our ship left Alexandria for the Aegean.

When we sighted the island of Lemnos it was bathed in glorious sunshine. The hills looked lovely—from a distance. The bay of Mudros was alive with shipping. Every imaginable sort of craft was assembled there. I have done considerable traveling since those days, but never have I seen such a grand array of vessels. There were ancient queerly rigged Greek ships, broad flat-bottomed ferryboats and tugs from the Thames and the Mersey, transports painted black and filled with surging khaki, bumboats, picket boats, tiny sailing craft, and the gray fearless-looking men-of-war.

And on the ships were men from all over the British Empire—Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Newfoundland, Africa, India, the remote islands of the seas, and the mother country.

All gathered there in the blazing sunshine of that picturesque harbor. A gigantic gathering of the clans—for what?

We were not left long in doubt. Indeed, the project had been talked about quite freely long before we reached Lemnos, though there had been no official intimation of what lay before us. I can say we approached the job of landing on the shores of Gallipoli with our traditional swagger. Who in hell could stop us? Not the bloody Turks!

That was the attitude of the colonial brigades, at any rate. Frankly, I think it was the only way to take that plunge into the unknown.

We never dreamed how soon we should alter our tune regarding these selfsame Turks. Writers have said that we went into that job of landing on an unknown shore quite realizing that vast numbers of us would not see another sunrise. Nuts! What a way to go into battle! No trooper would jump to it with thoughts of that kind. On the contrary, each believes that he will be the one to get through.

Certainly we had the greatest contempt for these sanguinary Turks. Only let us get at them! We had visions of chasing Johnny Turk so fast that we couldn't catch up to him. We were to land in the dark, a little before dawn, the Third Brigade taking the first jump, followed by the First and Second brigades. And it would be fun.

Wild cheering filled the harbor as each boatload of troops swung out. It seemed to us then that there were enough troops and stores and munitions assembled there to enable us to sweep the peninsula of every Turk within a few hours. No army of men could have been more lighthearted. The colonials were simply boiling for trouble. They had stagnated long enough. And I am pretty certain the same could be said of all the other contingents.

WE understood vaguely that there were to be several simultaneous landings in different parts of the beach. Had any of us needed it, there was much assurance about such a plan. We knew that while we were making a landing in one part, thousands of men would at the same time be jumping ashore at different points up and down the coast line. There were in fact to be five simultaneous landings, and a feint of a sixth at Bulair.

Naturally we were concerned only with our own. Whatever the other fellows did, ours was a foregone conclusion! As darkness drew on and we came nearer our objective a queer thrill swept us. The night was very dark. We could hardly see the dim outline ahead. We were tremendously excited at the thought of this mysterious adventure.

GOOD GRIEF, PEG
TO ANYTHING?
RUN-DOWN- HE'D BEEN "ALL-IN" FOR WEEKS
HERE'S YOUR BEFORE-BREAKFAST YEAST CAKE, JOE. MY-DON'T WE LOOK CHEERFUL THIS MORNING!
SURE THING, PEG - I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL MADE OVER!
A FEW WEEKS LATER
VITAMINS A.B.G and D

When we saw, dimly, a headland running out into the sea, it seemed to us to be completely deserted. It was all wrapped in black mystery, this place where *we* must land. Picture us staring into that blackness, fingering our rifles, every one loaded like a pack mule with equipment, entrenching tools, iron rations; weighted with kit and enough rounds of ammunition to rout any army of incarnadined Turks!

We were heading in toward a beach that lay between two headlands, a mass of boats filled to overflowing with silent but determined men. We made hardly a sound. We had, of course, been warned about lights, smoking, and noise of any kind. But we didn't want to talk. We wanted to stalk. That was how we felt then. We were silent because we had already entered into the spirit of this terrific adventure. Many of us from the back blocks " down under " knew quite a lot about this game of stalking the other fellow!

NOTHING stirred along that black outline. But we knew they were there—somewhere along that coast—waiting for us. It seemed to us then a question as to which section of the landings would attract them first. We experienced no doubts about our landing. We stood or sat or craned in close-packed groups, whispering to each other. Some wag said, " There they are! " and pointed vaguely, asking us in a hoarse whisper to believe that he could see them lined up along the coast with their blunt toes in the wash of the shore.

This wasn't at all the way we had imagined ourselves, during the period of training and traveling, going up the line into action. One naturally thought of rest camps, billets, broken country of all sorts, and a gradual approach toward the firing line. Here was a jump from the sea to a virgin land and an advance to some vaguely visualized battle line. We had been told to be ready to dig ourselves in, too; and we Diggers knew something about that. So why should we worry?

There had been rumors among us—what is an army without rumors?—that the Turks were there in vast numbers, well entrenched and fortified, expecting us, waiting for us with guns at snap. Obviously they were there somewhere, otherwise there would have been no point in this stealthy approach. But even so, common sense decreed that these Turks could not be at every point of landing along that coast. Unless they were magicians, knowing as much about our secret orders as our various commands, they must be as much in the dark as we were. And what would be the use of strongly fortified positions in the wrong places?

So we chaffed and bantered and argued with each other in stage whispers, growing more excited every minute, growing more and more restless as that outline began to take shape. At all events, our landing was beautifully timed. We approached under cover of darkness and as we drew nearer we perceived the first faint touch of dawn away off over that dark smudge of land.

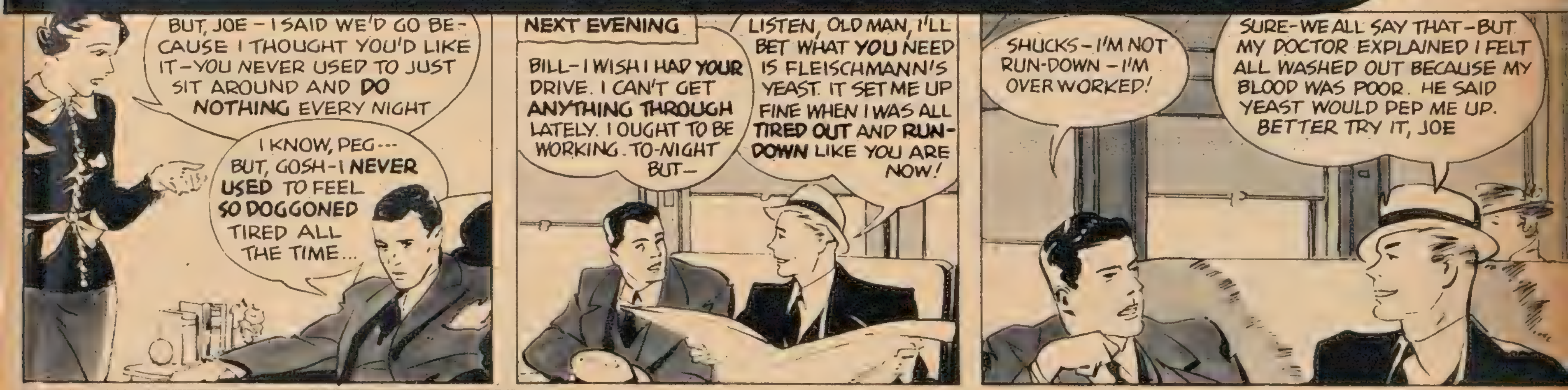
One could even smell the difference now. The tang of the sea was fading. Quite another odor pervaded the air —the peculiar smell of Gallipoli, a smell that was to remain for quite a while, until it was ousted by the odor of rotting dead.

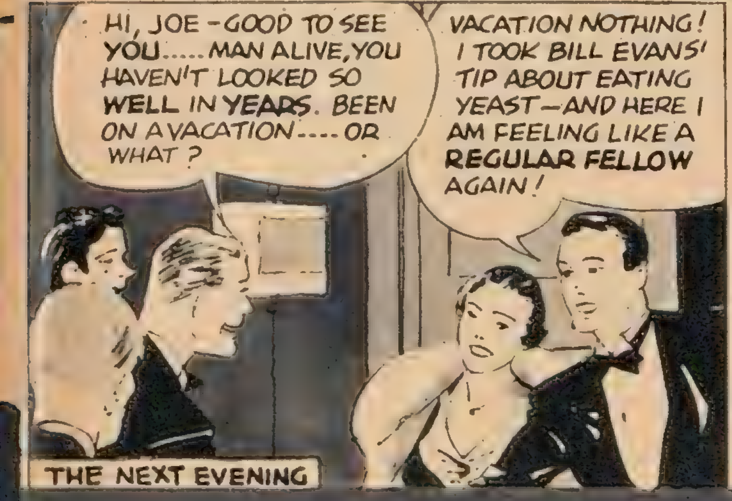
Naturally our senses were keenly alert, especially those of many of us who had known the bush and the wisdom of detecting every smell that came down wind, every significant change in the blue of the night. That's what made it all so thrilling. In my immediate crowd were mostly upcountry fellows. We were at home together in this strange adventure. There was among us the feeling that all this was just right, and woe betide any who tried to check our progress!

One's eyes would stray surreptitiously toward the other fellow's collar where the oxidized badge of the rising sun gleamed dully. How appropriate for a landing at dawn on this strip of land they called Gallipoli! And on our shoulders the one word—Australia! The sons of the sons of pioneers who had opened up a great continent, and why shouldn't we do it again?

I don't say we all thought on just such lines as these. But some such vision was in the minds of most of us.

-CAN'T YOU SAY NO)


BUT, JOE - I SAID WE'D GO BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE IT - YOU NEVER USED TO JUST SIT AROUND AND DO NOTHING EVERY NIGHT
I KNOW, PEG --- BUT, GOSH - I NEVER USED TO FEEL SO DOGGONED TIRED ALL THE TIME...
NEXT EVENING
BILL - I WISH I HAD YOUR DRIVE. I CAN'T GET ANYTHING THROUGH LATELY. I OUGHT TO BE WORKING TO-NIGHT BUT—
LISTEN, OLD MAN, I'LL BET WHAT YOU NEED IS FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. IT SET ME UP FINE WHEN I WAS ALL TIRED OUT AND RUN-DOWN LIKE YOU ARE NOW!
SHUCKS - I'M NOT RUN-DOWN - I'M OVERWORKED!
SURE - WE ALL SAY THAT - BUT MY DOCTOR EXPLAINED I FELT ALL WASHED OUT BECAUSE MY BLOOD WAS POOR. HE SAID YEAST WOULD PEP ME UP. BETTER TRY IT, JOE


HI, JOE - GOOD TO SEE YOU..... MAN ALIVE, YOU HAVEN'T LOOKED SO WELL IN YEARS. BEEN ON A VACATION.... OR WHAT?
VACATION NOTHING! I TOOK BILL EVANS' TIP ABOUT EATING YEAST - AND HERE I AM FEELING LIKE A REGULAR FELLOW AGAIN!
THE NEXT EVENING

DON'T LET POOR BLOOD KEEP YOU FEELING BELOW PAR

AFTER the hot summer months are over, many people find they feel tired and let-down. Usually, doctors say when you feel like this, it's because your blood is "underfed." It no longer carries enough nourishment to the muscles and nerves. Fleischmann's Yeast supplies your blood with vitamins and other food elements. Then *more* and *better* nourishment is carried to your tissues. Eat 3 cakes daily, ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water! Start today!

IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY...

One of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you find you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food for your tissues.

What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

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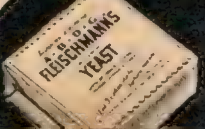
FLEISCHMANN'S **FRESH** YEAST CONTAINS **4** VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET **GREATER VALUE** FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT. AND **GET IT FASTER**-----


FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

HALF-SICK,
SLUGGISH—
NO PEP!

I felt dull and let-down—knew that the trouble was an accumulation of waste—a condition that a good clearing out would probably relieve quickly. I remembered FEEN-A-MINT, because it comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum—took a tablet—and found blessed relief from the miseries of constipation.

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● All you do is chew FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes—longer if you wish. However, it's the first 3 minutes of chewing that help make FEEN-A-MINT so different—so thoroughly reliable and dependable. Millions praise FEEN-A-MINT for its gentle effectiveness and the relief it brings.

● Once more gay, full of pep and vim. Accomplished without griping, nausea, or disturbance of sleep. No sluggish feeling that used to make life miserable. Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself. Economical—scientific. Ideal for young and old.

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Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada

It has been said that we terrified Cairo. He who says it should have seen the silent orderly businesslike way we went about that landing. The nearer we approached, the lighter became the heavens. I believe we were actually landed in the wrong place. That is to say, the tows took us farther along the coast than had been planned.

It was five o'clock of an April morning—a silent peaceful sort of morning in the first flush of dawn. Those of us who were the first to step ashore were the luckiest. It was a fact that Johnny Turk was not expecting us to land at that particular spot. No wonder! It was a crazy place to land four thousand men! The patch of shingle was so tiny it was bewildering. Only a few yards away the ground rose in a series of scraggy knolls and ridges of scrub—the most difficult ground imaginable, even for the experienced stalker!

There must have been two or three hundred men ashore, already racing with fixed bayonets along the shingle, when my own boat grounded. Just then we heard yelps of rage and screams of pain coming from farther along the beach. Men who had jumped from the boats to wade ashore were caught in barbed-wire entanglements cunningly planted in the shallows! And simultaneously there was a crash of rifle fire.

Away over on the right flank a bunch of Turks hove in sight, racing toward that flank where our men struggled in the water, potting at them even as they drowned. Others were knocked out of the boats before they had time to jump—killed or drowned before the boats could be forced into the shingle.

Nothing could be done for the wounded knocked into the water. The lucky ones among us who got ashore found our battle line immediately. We charged toward the oncoming Turks who had suddenly rolled up to block this attempt at landing.

WE jumped out, scrambled ashore, plunged straight at them with the bayonet. In a few moments that peaceful dawn was rent with the crackle of fire and the shouts of savage men. It seemed that hordes of the enemy were coming over the cliff sky line, firing as they ran toward us, spilling a hail of lead into the mass of boats at short range.

When we saw our men flopping out of the boats into the water, and saw others in a death struggle with that damned octopus of submerged barbed wire, we were suddenly filled with an all-consuming rage at Johnny Turk; with a desire not merely to be victorious but to slaughter him unmercifully.

The Turks were tumbling down the cliffs in all directions, firing and bawling of their faith as they came. Charging, we met them with shot and steel and yelling louder than theirs, filling the air with our curses and blasphemies for this ghastly thing they had done to our comrades. Thereafter the raw uncontrollable stab and thrust of men lusting for blood. We fell upon them with blazing fury. In a few moments we were at close quarters with them, staggering and slithering about on the shingle.

There could be no question about our driving them back. We fell upon them in little groups, got them by the throat, swung our rifle butts upon skulls that cracked like eggshells. And over all was the unearthly din and racket of men crazed with passion and frenzy and the tumult of minds deranged with the lust to kill—kill—kill!

Nothing on earth could have checked that wild incensed charge of ours. We bayoneted and bludgeoned and trampled. Their formation broke, fell back, went scrambling up the faces of the cliffs. Those scrub-covered ridges and knolls became the scene of wild and desperate fighting. Men were knocked over and bayoneted where they lay.

THE scattering Turks dropped into the scrub. They knew these broken hills and we did not. But we were learning! We were quite beyond control then. We stumbled about the spurs, ridges, fissures, and dry watercourses of the incredibly rough ground so characteristic of Gallipoli's hills, digging out hidden Turks, slaughtering with such ferocity that one dare not even hint at the details.

All over the broken ground there were men in groups, isolated struggles and fights to the death, men slithering into unknown gullies, bayoneting or being bayoneted; sudden bloodthirsty duels; Aussie and Turk pitching headlong together in the treacherous scrub, at death grips with each other, hands about throats, heavy feet coming into play in the game of this frightful killing.

There were thousands of the enemy hidden all over the scarred cliffs, crouched under every sort of cover, sniping with deadly accuracy, potting off our men even as we fought with their advance guard. They were at home in the cracks and scars and dry beds of this battlefield. And there are no better snipers in the world.

We paid the toll in hundreds of men as we inched our way up those steep and broken cliffs. And they were above us, with the advantage of every perilous foot of the climb.

And we crawled too, in and about the dense bush, stalking, stalking. We would come upon them suddenly. Life went to the quickest trigger finger, the slickest thrust. Men sprawled in the thick scrub and clawed at each other, while bullets whined overhead like the flick of a million whip thongs.

Sometimes a small group of the Third Brigade would be vastly outnumbered in a hidden ravine; would be overwhelmed; would die fighting. Others would come up behind, stumbling over dead and wounded, only to break through on to a machine-gun nest cunningly concealed. Men lay athwart these guns, their sightless eyes staring at the sun now blazing pitilessly upon all that shambles.

The glory of morning was rent by the chatter of guns, the whine of bullets, the roar and bellow of men gone berserk. Within the hour the cliff was stained as its like, not far distant, had never been in ancient times in the battles before Troy.

Small parties were shot to pieces as they showed up on the crests. Others stumbled over them as they fell, and in turn took what death gave them. Steadily, inch by bloody inch, the brigade gained ground, a mere foothold, but an advance, leaving behind in the gullies and crevices the wounded and the dead.

We knew the nature of our advance by the type of shot that met us—first that deadly rain of rifle bullets, rapid fire of which Johnny Turk is master, then the chattering machine guns, finally bombs thrown at close quarters.

I saw bombs caught and thrown back to explode in the teeth of those who had drawn the pins.

There were no real trenches during those first mad rushes, only irregular ditches scattered over the rough ground to deceive us invaders. And now our naval guns were booming from the sea behind us, sending shells screaming over our heads, blasting in explosions that filled the morning air with dirt and dust and debris. The thunder and crash heartened us. We pushed on, staggering upward, clambering crazily. We stumbled past many a hidden Turk, so that presently many of our men died, shot through the back.

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Always upward, but nothing could stop that death-dealing progress of the Anzac brigades. Men dropped and fired and died in heaps. The others pressed on, up and up, making sudden blinding rushes, pitchforking Johnny Turk out of his grubby holes, thrusting and jabbing, while the sweat poured through the creases of muck and blood on jowls that had ceased to be human.

Men dashed this way and that, crouching low through the bush toward the spurt of a sniper's rifle. The sniper's squeal when pounced upon and stuck brought only a truculent curse, a raucous guffaw. No modern warfare this! Beast stalked beast in the tangle, in the boulder-strewn gullies, behind the clumps of bush. A ghastly game played with life-or-death earnestness.

As the day opened up so did the big guns of both sides—our naval artillery shelling from the sea, the Turks' howitzers roaring from well hidden emplacements, shells whistling over us in both directions, shells bursting in gigantic clouds ahead of us, shells exploding over the crests of the cliffs and down on the beach where our Second and First brigades were landing in support of us. Men shelled, blown to bits before their boats could ground.

SHRAPNEL and high explosives deafened us then. Intense and concentrated fire of every sort blazed all about us. The air became thick with the acrid stench of shot and vomited earth. As we reached higher ground more and more Turks seemed to roll up in black clouds, silhouetted against the glare of the rising sun.

The fighting in the scrub grew fiercer. Reinforcements were thrown upon us with the do-or-die intention of driving us back into the sea. We were equally determined to hold on, to push on. In that mad scramble our men went down in hundreds, mowed down by machine guns and the rapid rifle fire that never ceased.

We had swiftly changed our opinion of the capabilities of Johnny Turk. His rapid musketry fire was so amazingly intense, his snipers so uncannily accurate—and he fought till his knees were in the ditch. Those of us who lived through that initial and miraculous foothold on the peninsula, crashes and shrieks ringing in our ears, bursts and blasts echoing around us for timeless eons, while we climbed blindly and desperately, quite stupefied by the belch and roar of it all—those of us who came through wondered for long afterward how this impossible landing had been made.

But there was no time to think, never a pause on that shell-smitten, bullet-strewn patch of God's earth, as we fought on and on while the sun climbed higher and higher and grew hotter and hotter. The attack went on for five hours without letup of any kind. For five hours we staggered about that uptorn earth and boulder and bush; staggered upward, always upward, and always fighting.

And the Turks who fought us came fresh, came looking down upon us from the heights, moving easily over ground they knew and against men breathless with their exertions, against a force whose line had soon become broken and disorganized in that perilous climb. Even so, we could push forward, fighting for every stick and stone, advancing across corpses and wreckage of discarded packs, over potholes and hidden boulders, along a path that was like a road in hell, afire as it was under that sizzling hail of steel where patches of blazing scrub burned dead and wounded alike.

THERE was no pause at the end of those five hours of a creeping advance. The firing and the blasting went on interminably. But it was then that we started to dig ourselves in, digging and digging under the concentrated fire, while our supporting brigades stood fast and held back the enemy. There was no attempt to make trenches. Men dug holes feverishly, desperately, mere scoop holes just big enough to kneel in. Some were fortunate in being able to widen or deepen the gullies and fissures into something like a line. And down we dropped into these holes and returned the Turks' fire.

Johnny attacked repeatedly, with successive waves of men, trying desperately to drive us from our holes. But now we had our feet in the earth, our supporting brigades were coming up, and we could not be dislodged. The battle went on all day. No man dared slacken for a single second, though his tongue hung out and his parched throat seemed filled with grit and sand. As long as daylight lasted it meant death to turn aside even for the simple action of raising a water bottle to one's mouth. Better a torturing thirst than a death-dealing bullet.

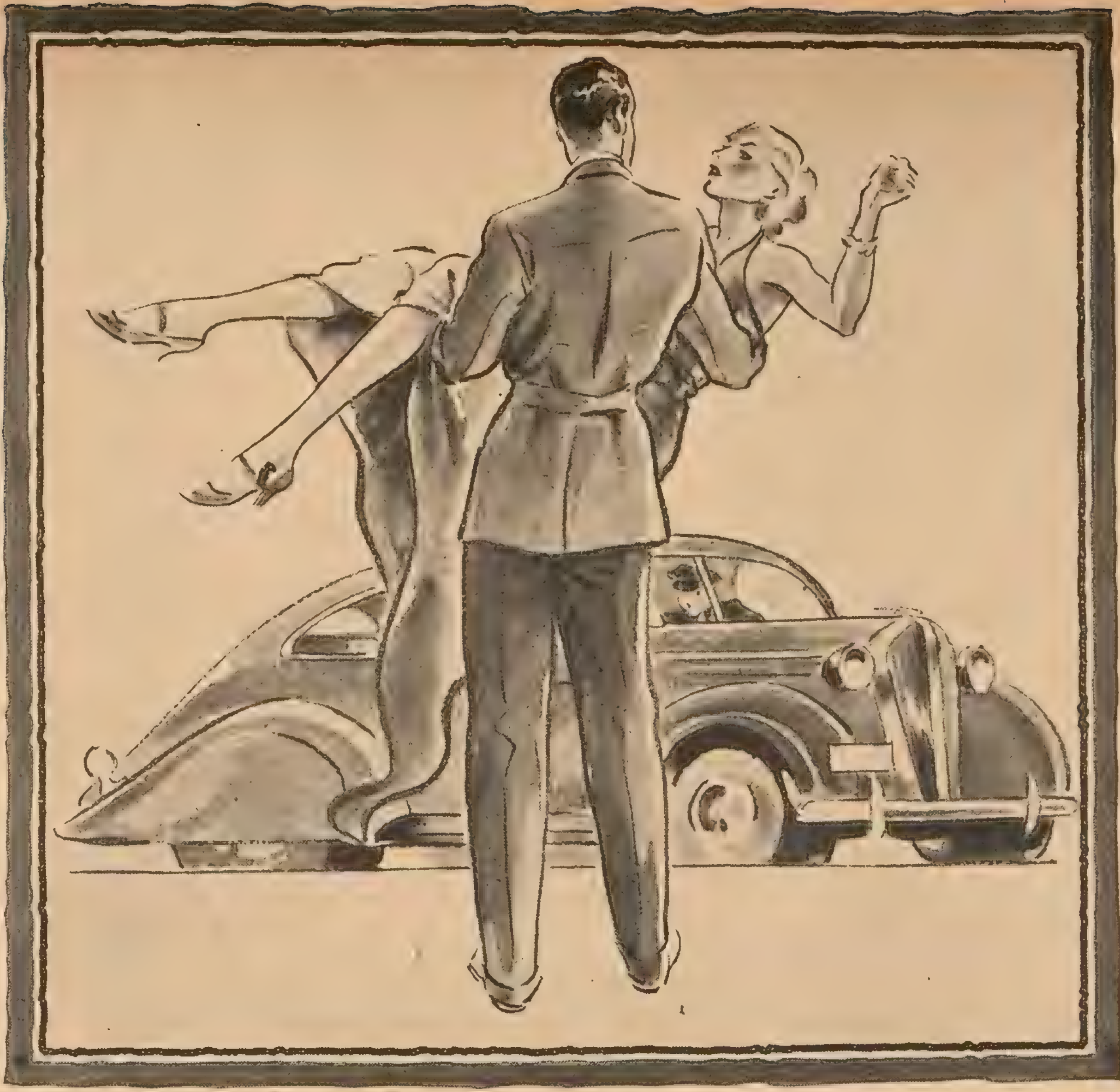
There was no rest, no lull, though the dead lay all around us; never a pause in the whole of that endless day of slaughter that started at the crack of dawn. How we longed for nightfall! How we prayed for it! How we yearned for the sight of its first lengthened shadow!

Darkness did come at long last. But still there was no cessation of that fire. The Turks came surging out of the night, ceaseless waves of them in mad, brainless charges which cost them thousands of lives.

We held fast. Stalkers and snipers crept through the scrub of what was now no man's land and fired upon the men who had got adrift, had gone too far ahead when we started to dig; shot, stabbed, slashed mercilessly at the wounded lying out there.

All night we dug and fired, dug and fired—till we fell asleep in our holes.

"It is now on record," as Captain Blackledge observes, "that the Anzacs had ninety-six hours' continuous fighting after they landed, and at no time did the Turks' fire cease." Such are the cold official outline facts. The human facts? The whole of the interminable hell of that? Next week, with Digger Craven, you yourself will go through the ordeal of those four days and four nights. You will feel the searing sun, be deafened by the shell bursts, sicken with the smell of rotting bodies. You will stalk snipers in the dark; you will flatten under Johnny Turk's shrapnel and thank God for the British fleet's answering thunderbolts. And you—experiencing all this as a reader—will be spellbound by it!



His car was parked at the curb. He lifted Jenny and put her, kicking, inside it.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK SWAIN

Jenny Rush and the PRIDEFUL EGG

READING TIME
30 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

BY wire and at considerable expense, she actually sent her photograph. She had posed in not much of a white rubber bathing suit, with her hair down. Her first telegram also took her hair down. It read:

LINK DECKER
NATIONAL ART STUDIOS
HOLLYWOOD CALIF
IN VIEW OF LEAP YEAR THIS IS HONORABLE PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE STOP I RECOMMEND ME HIGHLY STOP FINANCIALLY HAVE RECENTLY INHERITED TWO HUNDRED EIGHTY ONE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED TWO DOLLARS NINETY SEVEN CENTS FROM GRANDMA WHICH OUGHT TO SOUND LIKE IMPORTANT DOUGH EVEN TO A MOVIE STAR LIKE YOU STOP ALSO I CAN COOK BACON CRISP CRISP COMMA POWDER JUNIOR'S BOTTOM IF AND WHEN COMMA PLAY PIANO LOUDLY IF NOT TOO WELL COMMA PILOT AIRPLANES COMMA MIX MANHATTANS COMMA STAND ON HEAD COMMA READ WRITE AND THUMB NOSE STOP YOU'RE KILLING ME DASH WITH LOVE STOP TROUSSEAU ALL READY STOP SHALL I COME AT ONCE OR TOMORROW QUESTION MARK JUST SAW YOUR LAST PICTURE AND IT GOT ME STOP PERSONALLY AM VERY MODEST BUT MUST ADMIT MY FRIENDS SAY I AM POSITIVE LULU IN LOOKS STOP WEIGHT ONE SIXTEEN HEIGHT FIVE FEET FOUR AND THREE QUARTERS AGE TWENTY FIVE FIGURE SUPER ELEGANT IN RIGHT PLACES AS YOU CAN NOTE FROM ENCLOSED PHOTO STOP PS I LOVE YOU JENNY RUSH

"She sounds like a popular song or something," Miss Mutz of the fan-mail department sniffed. From afar, Miss Mutz simply adored Link Decker. She filed Jenny's expensive photograph in her capacious wastebasket, typed the proper salutation on mimeographed Form Letter 1087-B, and dispatched the letter as follows, by regular mail:

Miss Jenny Rush,
Avon Towers Apartments,
Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.
My dear Miss Rush:

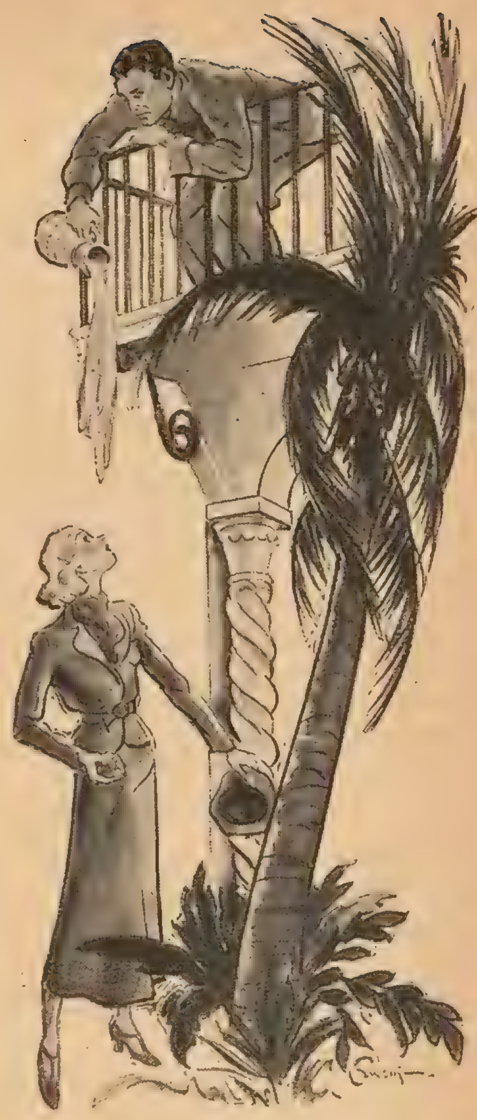
Mr. Decker was extremely gratified to receive your very complimentary proposal of marriage, but has asked me to express his sincere regrets to some small extent by means of the enclosed personally signed photograph of himself.

Unfortunately, Mr. Decker is adamant in a resolve which you may have seen mentioned in various motion-picture magazines. To be specific, he has announced that as soon as he has saved one million dollars he will build and endow an exclusive monastery overlooking the sea at Las Tunas, California, and retire from the screen as its abbot—

"Whee!" Miss Mutz thought, inwardly languishing while she did indeed personally inscribe Link Decker's signature on an eight-by-ten glossy print—pipe, polo shirt, profile. If Link ever did enter a monastery, she reflected, it would be only over the dead bodies of Karla Franck and some forty other competent Hollywood sirens who even now pursued him. As for herself, Miss Mutz

With Love in Her Heart and Money in the Bank, Beauty Pursues a Star — A Madly Hilarious Story

by ROBERT NEAL LEATH



"Beat it!" he commanded, suddenly holding the pitcher out. "I don't love you back!"

sorrowfully admitted she had no chance whatever, bearing as she did a close resemblance to a last year's string bean.

"But even a string bean can languish in secret!" she heard her own voice whispering defiantly.

In Chicago, Jenny had no trouble in locating a classified business telephone directory for Greater Los Angeles. Her eyes stopped, entranced, on "Mercury Detective Agency. Shadowing Neatly Done. Warner Hollywood Bldg."

Her second telegram read:

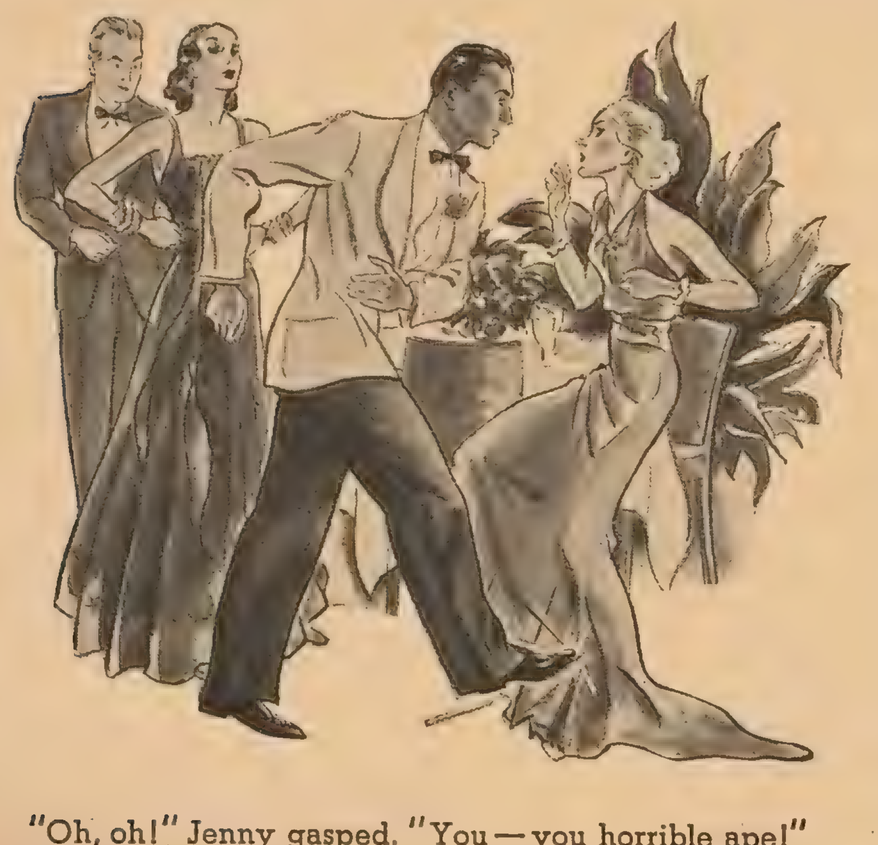
FIFTY DOLLARS CASH FOR GUARANTEED CORRECT HOME ADDRESS OF LINK DECKER FILM STAR

Somebody who signed himself "I. Mercury" wired back, collect:

YOURS RECEIVED CONTENTS NOTED BOUNCE THE FIFTY

Jenny bounced. She received. A duplicate of her original proposal and, expensively, a second photograph of herself leaped merrily from Lake Michigan to Beverly Hills without pausing for breath. These reached the desk of Link Decker's secretary and, since the secretary was an O. K. guy, Link himself.

Link was ugly, rather skinny, and completely charming. His conquest of Hollywood had taken four years and had been due to very good luck, some acting ability, an extraordinary crooner's voice, and a great deal of grim determination. Before Hollywood he had been rather ashamed of the crooning part and an emotional earthquake had been required to cure him. There was something in his face that looked sad, wistful, and wildly hellish—at the same time and all the time, no matter how else he looked. He inspected the likeness of Jenny's figure, her features, her hair; he reflected that skill in thumbing her nose and mixing Manhattans were undeniably necessary in a film star's wife—and suddenly he realized his muscles had drawn so tight they hurt him. He replied by wire and the O. K. secretary made a note to deduct its cost from Link's next income-tax report as another expense quite necessary to his occupation:



"Oh, oh!" Jenny gasped. "You—you horrible ape!"

NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO ABSOLUTELY NOT

Two evenings later, about midnight, Link thought somebody must be trying to tear the house down. Somebody evidently stood at his front door but had not deigned to use either the electric button or the antique iron knocker. He figured somebody must be pounding with a rock, no less. Wearily he climbed from the bed to which he had retired five minutes before in preparation for an eight-o'clock call tomorrow. He opened some glass doors, lurched out upon a balcony, and peered down.

"Hey!" said Link.

Below were a garden, a wall around the garden, a street beyond the wall, some unidentified automobile with lights on and engine running parked at the curb, a flagstone path, a lighted entrance light, and the arched black-shadowed main entrance. A girl retreated through the arch and stopped. She pulled her hat off. Light skated, skidded, and came apart in lovely taffy-colored waves of hair. She looked up. Sure enough, she had a rock.

"Here I am!" she yelled—"Jenny Rush! Come to marry you!"

Link felt his muscles go tight again. He shuddered.

"No!" he said. "I repeat—positively not! One marriage was enough for this citizen!"

"Link Decker," Jenny said, "you come down this instant and let me in and haul my bags out of that taxi, account of I love you!"

Her voice sounded implacable. Link disappeared hastily, but hastily reappeared. He bore a large open-topped pitcher which sloshed.

"Beat it!" he commanded, holding the pitcher out and upending it. "I don't love you back!" he said, admiring the accuracy of the cold descending water.

Jenny remained there a moment. She shook herself. She turned and went deliberately into the garden about ten feet. "You rat!" she muttered, not looking up any more. "I'll get you for that!" she said, just before she let fly with her large rock and smashed a twelve-foot window in Link's living room.

Thereafter, purposefully, she searched the garden for smaller rocks, aimed them carefully, succeeded mightily, withdrew to the waiting taxi and indignantly departed.

In accordance with law, the Roosevelt bar stops serving drinks at 2 A. M.; but Jenny sat there as long as possible, brooding. She ordered beer. For insulation against wandering glances from enterprising males she had bought a morning newspaper. She turned to the movie gossip page, retired behind it, but hardly saw the print. She felt furious. Something had to be done. But what? Revenge was what she craved—and Link Decker. Abruptly her eyes focused upon a particular paragraph which topped Spike Palmer's inane but enormously syndicated column:

> Karla Franck is back in town today, little kiddies, after a mysterious week-end absence. And the Reno boys have missed a hot one, because that's where Karla has been, and they never got wise. A-lookin' up the law, she was. Maybe you've forgotten that Karla has a husband, home in Germany. Account of she's been with us two years now—alone—playing the field—causing pul-lenty of palpitation among the pirates hereabouts. But Karla herself hasn't forgotten. But now, she tells me, she will return to Reno and get herself de-spliced just as soon as arrangements have been completed to serve the complaint on hubby. If this means that gorgeous Karla is serious about somebody else at last—well, Link Decker better watch out, that's all. Link may Claim to believe in MONAsteries, but I bet Karla DO NOT. And you, and you—and YOU—know how many PLACES they've been going recently, very much TWOgether.

Where, when, and how will New York City's racketeers strike back at Thomas E. Dewey? What vengeance upon him is Lucky Luciano, the vice czar, now plotting from behind prison bars? What treacherous counterstrokes, what "stabs in the dark," are other and still more powerful hidden rulers of the great city's criminal underworld preparing for this fearless young prosecutor who is leading a finish fight to break their sinister hold?

Dewey, chosen as leader when New York revolted against the despotism of crime in alliance with politics, began by opening legal fire on Luciano. He won. Luciano, dragged back from Hot Springs, went to Sing Sing for from thirty to fifty years.

But this victory was only a beginning. It is a war to the very death. On the one side are law and order, public safety, common decency; on the other, the murderous extortionism and terrorism from which Dewey is battling to free the greatest city in the world.

He has overcome Luciano. But Luciano, though locked in a cell, fights on. And what of The Boss, on whom Dewey has now turned his guns? This Boss—thus named in awed whispers by the gangsters who are his slaves and the politicians who do his will—is the concealed master mind of another racket. He is subtler, even wealthier, even more powerful than the imprisoned czar of prostitution ever was. Can the resolute Dewey prevail against him, too? Or will the baleful Boss from his shadowy ambush strike like an adder—and triumph?

Here is a grim conflict that typifies today's vital issues in every American community. And here is the drama of modern city life and government at the peak of an unprecedented climax.

Coming soon in Liberty! Watch for it!

JENNY could hardly wait for morning. Bright and early she donned a perfectly fitted suit in an expensive tweed. She added blue shoes, gloves, and bag, and a blue tilted wide flat hat with a white ribbon around its low crown. The populace practically swooned. So did a not-quite-blonde in the reception room of the Mercury Detective Agency. I. Mercury turned out to be a twinkling fat man with spots on his vest. He received Jenny without delay.

She said she wanted the guaranteed correct address of Karla Franck.

"One hundred bucks," I. Mercury said quickly and hopefully.

Jenny said, "Fifty."

I. Mercury sighed. "Gimme," he said. He spoke briefly into a telephone, and listened. "Apartment 301, Château Armand," he said. "That's the one on the third-floor front, and any time I can be of further assistance just lemme know, toots. *Any* time!"

Jenny had herself driven to Château Armand and morosely regarded that edifice. She felt a trifle extravagant and foolish, because, although now she knew where Karla lived, she had no idea what to do about it, short of dynamite.

"Fire department," she told the taxi driver.

"Huh?"

"You heard me!"

Fire Chief Abner Johnson had plenty of money from inherited utility bonds, and socially he stood near the top in California society.

He was a fireman only because in his childhood he had been entranced by the idea of riding on fire engines and he had never recovered. Society thought he was simply swell.

"Gosh!" he said. "Never dreamed old Roughhouse Rush had got himself a daughter like you!"

"Why not?" Jenny demanded. "Don't I look all right?"

"That's just it!" Abner observed, beaming from beneath his bushy white eyebrows. "Was I just younger and single, I'd take right out after you myself, and you'd hafta run mighty fast to escape!"

Jenny blushed.

"Did that sniffling little boy of yours ever grow up?"

"I'll say!" Abner said enthusiastically. "Just like his old man! Fond of fire engines! He's a battalion chief!"

Jenny said, "I want to borrow him a while, evenings."

"Don't just borrow," Abner suggested sincerely. "Keep him for keeps. We could use you in the family."

"I'll just borrow, thanks," Jenny said apologetically.

Sooner or later, everybody of importance in the world will enter the Café de Paris, the Grand Central Station, and the Trocadéro. The Troc, Jenny had realized, was closest and most pregnant with possibility. Therefore to the Troc, every evening, she insisted upon going. For this purpose she purchased a herd of new and breathless evening gowns. Junior Johnson didn't understand what it was all about, but co-operated with delight. He was an oblong young man with bright, rather bewildered, brown eyes. He fell for Jenny like a dazzled pile driver and put earnest thought upon giving her a series of good times. He presented his important friends and brought them along, a different set each evening. The salary of an ordinary battalion chief would quickly have collapsed under this program, because the Troc is not inexpensive; but Junior happily didn't need to worry about that. The eighth night, Ben Sponberg and Ben's rowdy wife were members of the party.

"Ben Sponberg?" Jenny said. "Seems to me I've heard the name."

Ben was dark, sharp, and perpetually, deceptively tired.

"I'm production executive at National Art," he sighed cautiously. The conversation had been going on half an hour. "National Art is a motion-picture factory."

"Oh, I've heard of National Art," Jenny beamed. "That's—"

"Don't ask," Ben said. "I realize you are very lovely, but positively I will not give you a job as a picture star!"

"Who's asking?" Jenny told him severely. "I don't want to be it myself. I just want a picture star—one of yours, incidentally—around the house."

"Which?" said Ben.

Jenny told him. Ben was interested.

"Why?"

"I love him," Jenny said. "I love Link Decker with all my heart—honest."

BEN thought she was nuts. But a guy could never tell for sure. She looked so fresh, so distractingly certain. Personally, Ben considered Link Decker a good egg who made plenty of potatoes for National Art, but slightly cracked. To Ben any man seemed slightly cracked who failed to marry or make substitute arrangements with the feminine sex.

"Well," he observed, "there he is. Sick 'im!"

Jenny looked. Fury flooded her, remembering a pitcher of very cold water.

She rose quickly. "Let's dance, Junior lamb." Because Link Decker also was dancing, holding Karla Franck properly a foot away in a rumba. Nothing fancy. Just enjoying himself, Link was—till without warning he felt a feminine heel stab him viciously in the left shin.

Without investigation he knew it was no accident. It was mayhem—deliberate, bloody mayhem. It hurt so badly, so paralyzingly, that at first he could only moan.

But then he turned his head and saw Jenny Rush. She was beautiful as anything and she had lovely large gray eyes and plenty of lashes. Her taffy-colored hair shone loosely. She had a gray dress without any back to it and there was a trick little fishtail train that slithered on the slick exclusive floor behind her heels. And she wore a demure smug grin.

Something bitter and sweet and hungry squeezed hard in Link's chest. But—

"So it's you!" he howled with his first good breath. "Excuse me," he said, leaving Karla there and turning and hobbling away a couple of steps. "Bah!" he said to Jenny Rush, poised himself, and let fly with his right foot. His aim was good, too, despite the ankle concealment of her dress. He cracked her precisely on her own left shin.

"Oh, oh!" Jenny gasped. "You—you horrible ape!"

"WHAT'S the mat—" the astonished Junior Johnson began. He realized, vaguely, that something had happened. That some show of chivalry seemed to be required of himself. Protecting his lady, sort of. But then, like Karla Franck, he suddenly found himself standing alone, while the music played on, and it was developing that his lady didn't need protection; she was swarming, in fact, all over the celebrated Link Decker.

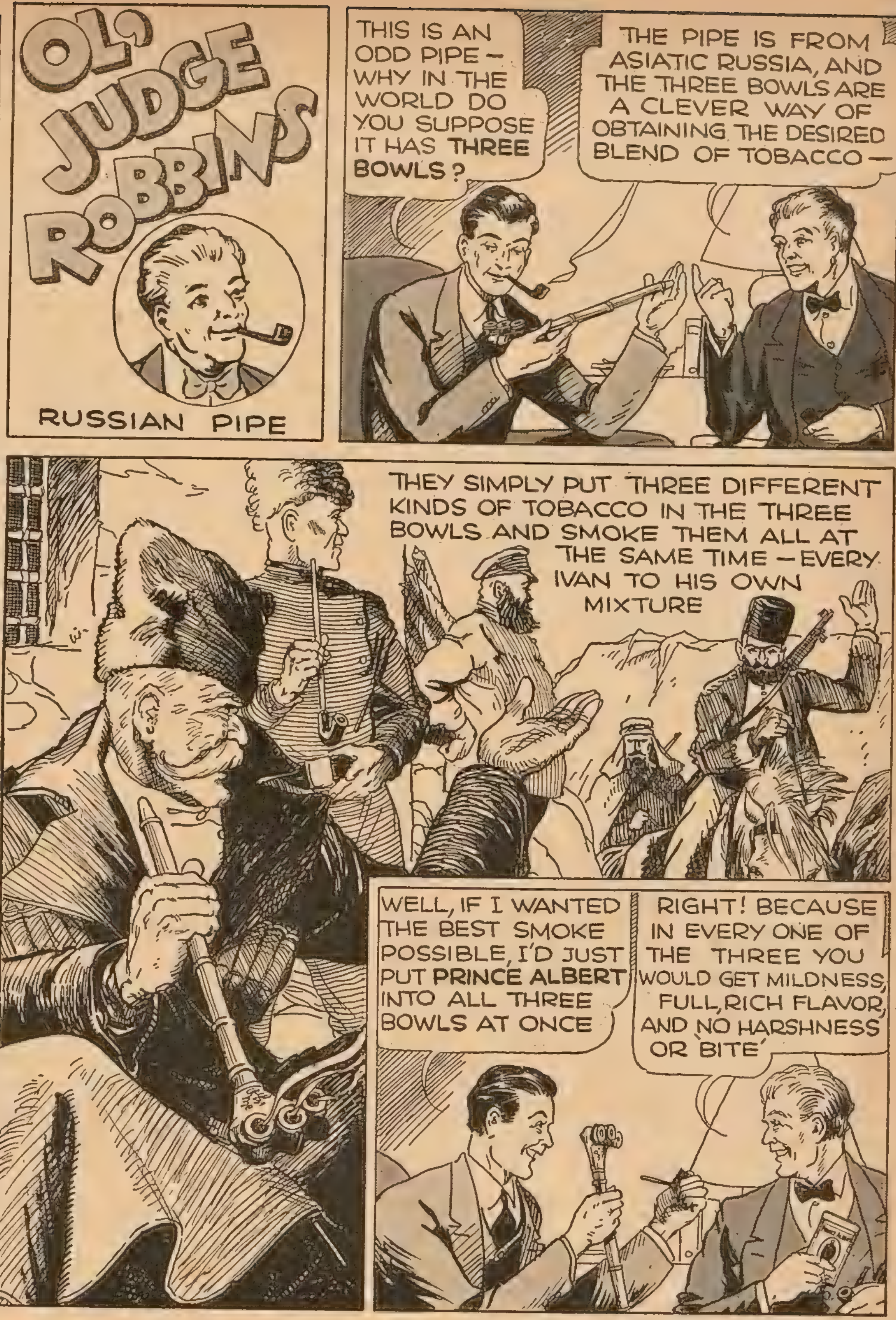
Jenny's left hand shot out and grabbed an end of Link's black tie and yanked it off and flung it away. Her right ripped his vest open, her left jerked his shirttails out, her right snagged his collar and came away with both collar and part of the shirt, and her left was darting toward Link's middle when he had the bad judgment to bend in a panic-stricken crouch, like a prizefighter at bay.

That was all Jenny needed. Now she was made. She grabbed the back of his jacket, stuck one of her feet out, and pulled him across the foot. Link tripped and fell, suddenly and heavily. Going down, his head clunked smartly against the edge of a table. Down—and out! A bottle of Scotch, tipped by the jar, enthusiastically dribbled into his right ear.

"Oh, oh!" Jenny gasped, but this was a very different "Oh, oh." The grin was gone, and all her fury. She was on her knees. Somebody rescued the Scotch, and Jenny was holding Link's head, stroking it, shaking it, murmuring something stricken like "Darling, darling, I didn't mean to!"

The music had wavered and stopped. Karla Franck said clearly with her rich voice in the murmurous silence, "You get away from him!" When Jenny failed to obey, she sank a hand in Jenny's hair and yanked.

Junior Johnson said, holding his own paws out and wagging them like a rabbit, "I don't get this!" He was worried. His lady seemed to need protection now, after all. But from another lady. And a guy was not supposed to sock any lady whatsoever. His mother had told Junior this and, with reckless confidence, he had believed. But what *did* a guy do?


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
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THE PIPE IS FROM ASIATIC RUSSIA, AND THE THREE BOWLS ARE A CLEVER WAY OF OBTAINING THE DESIRED BLEND OF TOBACCO —
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WELL, IF I WANTED THE BEST SMOKE POSSIBLE, I'D JUST PUT PRINCE ALBERT INTO ALL THREE BOWLS AT ONCE
RIGHT! BECAUSE IN EVERY ONE OF THE THREE YOU WOULD GET MILDNESS, FULL, RICH FLAVOR, AND NO HARSHNESS OR 'BITE'

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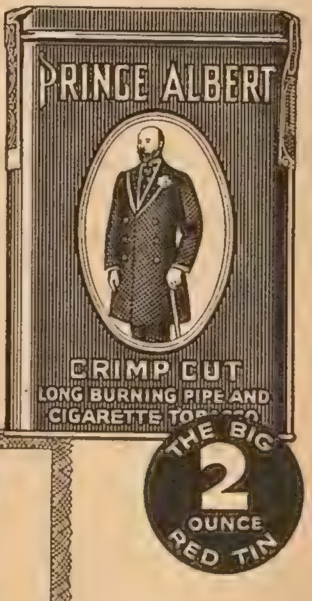
SO EASY ON THE TONGUE!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LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

Many a lifelong friendship begins when a man makes the acquaintance of Prince Albert. P. A. is prime, choice tobacco through and through—brought to the peak of mildness and tastiness by Prince Albert's famous "no-bite" process. And P. A. is "crimp cut"—packs easier and makes a cooler smoke. There's no other tobacco like this princely joy smoke, men—for pipe or "makin's" smokers.

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Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

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MUSCLES CRAMPED

after strenuous drive
Nurse praises
Absorbine Jr. relief

MRS. K. C.,* a St. Louis nurse, suffered from cramped muscles after a long drive in her car. Her first thought was, as she writes, Absorbine Jr.

"I have seen Absorbine Jr. used to good advantage in hospitals, in treating muscular rheumatic pains, and also in easing the pain of tired, cramped muscles.

"Absorbine Jr. is economical because such a small amount will go a long way," is another interesting comment Nurse K. C. made.

As a family standby, no other liniment comes to you more highly recommended by so many doctors and nurses. Bumps, bruises, strains and sprains, gratefully yield their pain and swelling to Absorbine Jr.'s cooling, soothing kindness.

Speed of application after those minor accidents often saves a lot of suffering. Also famous for killing the fungus that causes Athlete's Foot. Keep a bottle handy in your medicine chest; you'll find it thrifty since a little goes so far. Sold at all drug stores, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 330 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

*Based on actual letter in our files

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

Finally he decided his mother had been wrong. Certain situations did demand the socking of a lady, because nothing less would do. But by the time he reached this conclusion, his target—Karla Franck—was two miles away, riding in an ambulance. Her face was white with concern, and Link Decker's head rested in her lap. Link moved, groaned, and opened his eyes.

"Sweetheart!" Karla breathed in relief. "How you feel?"

Karla was a German honey. She was silk, perfume, and fur. She earned a quarter million a year.

"Awful!" Link mooed. "Where's Jenny Rush?"

"That girl?"

"Her."

"In jail!" Karla observed with satisfaction. "Or at least on her way! I have fixed it!"

"Splendid!" Link said. "Maybe they can lose the key. Maybe I can fix that also."

Karla said, "Do! You might have died. Nobody knew. Your skull, it still may have a fracture, my own."

Link relaxed, sniffing. Karla certainly smelled fine. Like lush fresh flowers. He didn't know what kind. I won't decide what kind of flowers, he thought. Karla was restful in a long-legged, heavy-lidded, unrestful way. No girl—Karla. A woman. Top-flight. Young, tough, hell-for-leather, soft. All at once Link Decker felt he must get married very quickly. He had been lonely too long.

"Let's get married!"

He felt Karla move a little, heard her full intake of breath. She said, "O. K., butchie-wutchie!"

"Next time you call me that," Link snarled, "you get blistered!"

"The newspapers I will inform right away," Karla promised.

She did, too. Next morning the papers were full of the three-cornered Trocadéro fight between Link Decker, a practically unknown heiress from Chicago named Jenny Rush, and Karla Franck. But they also were full of the Decker-Franck engagement. In addition, they mentioned that Jenny Rush was sulking.

LINK left the hospital under his own power and under a goose egg on his skull, ordered his chauffeur to drive to the nearest bar, took aboard two stiff ryes for medicinal purposes, and journeyed then to the police station.

"Oh, her. Mr. Decker, I'll tell you," the desk sergeant said respectfully. "We got her here, all right, and she is truly sulking. Fire Chief Johnson, Junior Johnson, a lawyer, several other gents, one old lady and one young lady—all friends of the family or something—has called this morning wishing to bail her out. But she won't go. Wanna talk to her?"

Link said yes. An electric latch clicked. After several hallways and barriers he found himself confronting Jenny Rush and separated from her by a number of very sound steel bars. She should have looked defiant, or worried, or something. She looked fresh as dew.

"Yah!" she said. "So you finally got here! Do you apologize?"

Link felt his heart go plunk, downward.

"I apologize," he admitted wearily. "Come on out."

Jenny withered him. "Through these bars?"

Arrangements were made. Link produced cash—no checks accepted. Jenny came out. But just as they reached the last electric latch, she abruptly halted.

"Wait!" she commanded. "Maybe there is a misunderstanding. You apologize—but what for? For what do you apologize, you insufferable baboon?"

"I'm sorry they put you in jail," Link said.

Jenny bristled. "I won't budge!" she declared. "I won't budge from here one inch, for I have seen the newspapers and you can't do it!"

FRANTICALLY, hearing that last latch click, Link grabbed Jenny's hand, flung the last door open, and forcibly dragged her screaming into the hot sunshine of Pico Boulevard.

"Now, then, I can't do what?"

Jenny said in one breath, "You can't marry that Karla Franck female and I won't budge from this jail one inch. I had a tough enough time getting in it, what with Junior Johnson yelling no and Ben Sponberg yelling no and Papa Fire Chief yelling no over the telephone. You are nothing but a louse, and where do you think I've been spending the last six months?"

"Where?"

Jenny said, "In Yurrup and especially Berlin and you positively cannot marry that Karla female because she already has a legal husband, so there!"

Link's jaw stuck out. "Like hell I can't! She starts getting divorced in two weeks! Soon as she finishes a picture!" His car was parked at the curb, and he lifted Jenny and put her, kicking, inside it. But he himself did not also climb in.

"Take her away—quick!" he commanded, holding the door shut.

"Where?" the chauffeur said.

"Anywhere!" Link screeched, running around to the far side and pushing Jenny back from there. "But do it now!"

"Zip!" the chauffeur said, stepping on the gas and off the clutch. "Gotcha, boss!"

Jenny stuck her head out and yelled, "You will regret this, you big bully!"

In her rooms in the Roosevelt, however, she flung herself on the bed and had a forlorn heartbroken cry. But soon she stopped that, got briskly up, chewed a pencil and composed a cable. Her composition had a name at the top: "Baron Wolfgang von Koehner, Berlin." The baron's features took shape clearly in her mind. He had been quite a dog, the baron. He had a shaved knobby skull. He was handsome, sturdy, young, incredibly arrogant. He believed in the sanctity of wives, specifically von Koehner wives, and regarded all other persons of the feminine persuasion as legitimate game. "Wolfie," Jenny Rush had said to him in a very long town car, "I admit you seem to be an extremely ingenious pass-maker, but please! I'm not in the mood."

Now she wrote:

YOU MAKE ME SICK STOP GOING AROUND SO NOBLE TELLING IMPRESSIONABLE GALS THAT I CANT GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE BABY AND ESPECIALLY I CANNOT GIVE YOU MARRIAGE ACCOUNT OF I ALREADY HAVE A WIFE AND THE VON KOEHNERS NEVER NEVER DIVORCE THEIR WIVES THIS BEING A MATTER OF FAMILY PRINCIPLE STOP DO YOU REALIZE THAT NOW YOU ARE GOING TO GET A DIVORCE WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT AND ALSO THAT YOUR WIFE IS ALREADY SETTING DATE FOR MARRIAGE TO ANOTHER PARTY AND NO FOOLING QUESTION MARK I THINK YOU HAVE NO SPINE WHATEVER SINCE ANY MAN ESPECIALLY A BARON AT LEAST OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO KEEP HIS OWN WIFE AND YOU MAKE ME SICK
JENNY RUSH

JENNY dispatched this work. Undoubtedly by now the baron already had heard about Karla's intention from the German newspapers. But in his supreme egotism, Jenny guessed, he probably had not taken it seriously. The cable, however, ought to get some action. Within ten days, Jenny estimated. She failed to figure on the Normandie and a transcontinental plane. Therefore it was only the seventh day later that Ben Sponberg looked up from a script on his desk to see his male secretary come in and announce that Link Decker was urgently on the wire.

"You'd better talk," Ben's secretary added. "He sounds upset."

Wearily Ben lifted telephone A. Link Decker's voice exploded in his ear. "Old pal!" Link howled. "National Art is about to lose its biggest box-office star from bullets unless you get here mighty quick and—"

"Where do you get that old-pal stuff?" Ben inquired coldly. "Outside business, we hardly know each other!"

"Don't quibble, old pal! Especially when her husband is right now parked outside in the hall with a gun and—"

"Can he break the door down?"

"No, thank God!" Link said. "The door's two inches thick and chained and—"

"Is he alone?"

"Yes, but—"

"Noisy?"

"No! He's just parked! He's—"

"Cops?"

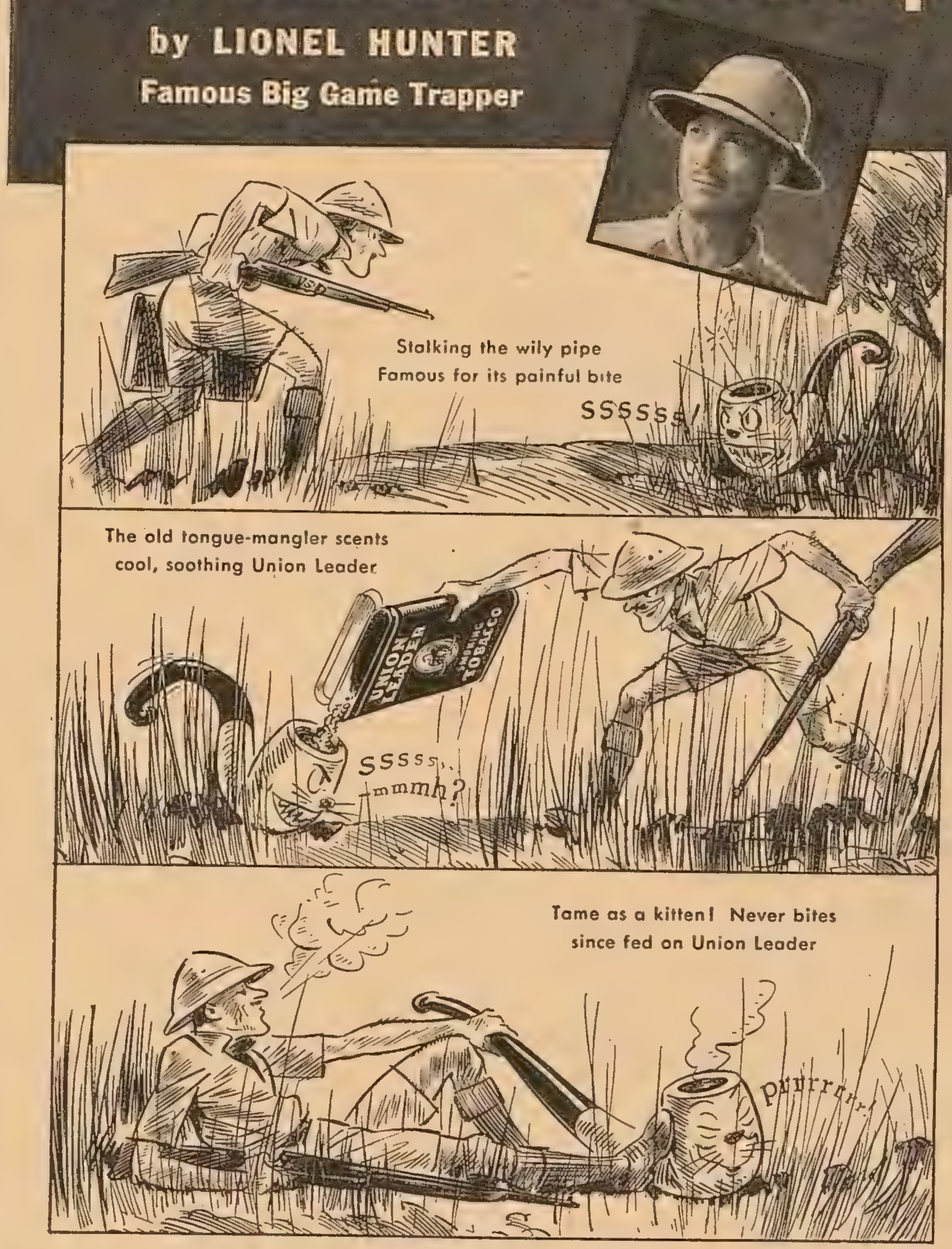
"No!" Link yelled. "Listen!"

Nobody had called any cops. Ben Sponberg breathed more easily. Calling the cops was, of course, out of the question, because a film star's reputation must be guarded more carefully than his life. "Well," Ben cut bitterly in, "what you waiting for? Jump out the winda!"

"With the pavement three stories

"How I Tamed a Ferocious Pipe"

by **LIONEL HUNTER**
Famous Big Game Trapper


Stalking the wily pipe
Famous for its painful bite
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The old tongue-mangler scents cool, soothing Union Leader
UNION LEADER SMOKING TOBACCO
SSSSs..
mmmh?
Tame as a kitten! Never bites since fed on Union Leader
Purrrr..

You too, can be a Pipe-Tamer

THIS EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY!

Now you can make a *pet* of your pipe, once you've taught it to eat out of a tin of Union Leader! That vicious biting of your tongue is only a sign that it's hungry for the real fully-ripened Kentucky Burley that gives Union Leader such a blissful blend of rich flavor and cool smoothness. Even wild *young* pipes can be tamed with a ten-cent tin of this soothing tobacco, *aged-in-wood* to banish bite! (Swell for cigarettes, too!)

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

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To effectively cope with Dandruff, Itching Scalp, excessive Falling Hair or Baldness, you need a *Medicine*—GLOVER'S. It has been saving the hair of men and women for over sixty years. Start today and persist with it. Your druggist sells Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Medicated Soap for the shampoo. Or have your Barber give you Glover's Treatments.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

down?" Link snarled. "What am I? A bird?"

"No," Ben admitted sadly. "You ain't even a spida. Therefore I guess I got to listen. Where are you?"

"Karla Franck's apartment, naturally!"

Ben Sponberg always wanted to know why about everything.

"Lunch."

"Lunch?" Ben said indignantly. "Do *I* ever get any lunch? No! Always at lunchtime guys call me up on the telephone saying come over here quick, I am about to be shot full of holes with a gun! And anyways, Karla's husband has lost his rights because she is now engaged to you!"

"That's what *I* thought!" Link cracked desperately. "Only now this baron guy says he is here to annul the engagement and—"

"I catch on," Ben said. "And also to annul *you!*"

"Now will you come over quick?" Link roared.

"Just relax," Ben said. "Just take everything easy," he added, and broke the connection.

Being an ardent believer in physical exercise—for other people—he remained in his chair and considered. Obviously the Baron von Koehner was in no mood to listen to reason—at least from another man.

But he might listen to a woman. Men, Ben understood, frequently do listen to women—whether they like it or not.

His alert mind hovered, then pounced hawklike upon Jenny Rush. Of course! Jenny Rush had a yen for Link Decker. Perhaps, Ben accurately guessed, Jenny Rush also had something to do with this abrupt Hollywood appearance of Karla's almost mythical husband. From the depths of his quick memory Ben drew up all the talk which had crackled back and forth across their Trocadéro table the night of Jenny's explosion, and searched among these trivia for Jenny's address. She had mentioned a hotel. The Roosevelt!

WITHIN two minutes he had her on the wire and succinctly had explained Link's predicament.

"Oh, my goodness!" Jenny gasped.

Ben said, "Can you handle it?"

"I—I don't know!"

"Then will you?"

"Yes."

Ben wistfully relaxed. Love. He agreed with that dizzy writing dame—what was her name?—that love was a kick in the slats.

Jenny, however, felt far from relaxed. She had counted on violence but hardly on death. Yet the stiff-necked von Koehner, she realized with clearness, really might kill quite as easily as he could eat. Till now her pursuit of Link Decker had contained numerous elements of a farce, regardless of the deep emotional elements from which it grew. It was a farce no longer—at least as far as von Koehner was concerned.

"Oh, my goodness!" she repeated. She was wearing silk slacks and a silly pink shirt. She jerked the telephone up again, called the fire department, and demanded Junior Johnson.

"He just left," somebody said sourly.

Desperation wrapped itself icily round Jenny's heart. She hung up, ran from her rooms, and, clenching her fists, she ignored the elevator and dashed down the stairs and across the lobby. From the sidewalk she heard a distant approaching siren. The sound grew louder. Streetcars stopped, and stayed that way. Automobiles drew hastily to the nearest curbs. Pedestrians and policemen evacuated the crossings. An immense ladder truck came screaming. Jenny jumped out like an antelope into the precise center of the intersection and raised both arms aloft. The truck slowed, lurched slightly, and stopped. Junior Johnson, resplendent in uniform, peered down from his lordly seat beside the front pilot.

"Now what?" he inquired. "Golly—you look pretty!"

"And just where," Jenny demanded, "did you think you were going?"

JUNIOR blinked. His forehead wrinkled upward.

"Home to lunch," he admitted at last in a confidential whisper.

"I've been suspecting something like this quite a while now," Jenny said severely. "Fire engine going past every noon at exactly twelve eighteen!"

"Aw, now!" Junior said. "I only—"

"Skip it!" Jenny said. "Am I wrong, or do the duties of the fire department include the saving of life?"

"We got pulmotors," Junior said cautiously; then added: "Of course, gorgeous, if you refer now to a pal, the case might be special."

"It's special," Jenny said. Hastily she got aboard the truck at Junior's side and issued directions. Screaming, the long machine started, and gathered speed.

The exclusive Château Armand sits on top of a hill, snubbing lesser Hollywood dwellings. Nobody can rent less than half a complete floor. Whining, the fire truck slowed.

"There!" Jenny said, pointing upward.

"Right!" the front driver said with enthusiasm. He made a signal with one hand for the benefit of his colleague at the rear pilot's wheel, spun his own wheel with his other hand, and the truck neatly swung across the street, blocking it. People had appeared, it seemed to Jenny, from floors, walls, the near-by trees, and even from the cracks in the sidewalk. Suddenly there were lots of intrigued people.

She demanded, "Which is the top end?" Junior indicated the top end of the mechanical extensible ladder. Jenny insisted upon and obtained a monkey wrench. Then she climbed on the ladder, and clung like a barnacle. "Action!" she said.

"I don't like this!" Junior observed with a pang. "But a Johnson never turns yellow!"

With the upward swoop of a lethargic gull, Jenny rose into the air. She swung through space, pointing. Arrived some six feet opposite her objective—a large unscreened view window—she signaled cease firing, drew her right arm back, and smacked the monkey wrench viciously through the glass. Link Decker's astonished face had already appeared there, and Karla Franck's. They dodged, and now Jenny could see them better. Link leaned out. "Oh, darling!" he said.

That got Jenny. Suddenly she knew she was trembling all over. She said sharply, "None of that! Do you really love that—that woman—or don't you?"

"I got my pride," Link said.

"Very well," Jenny said. "Then stay where you are and take what you get!"

"Jenny!" Link said in alarm. "I can't jump that far! Make them swing that thing closer!"

"Oh, no. Not at all," Jenny said. "Who is it you love?"

Link moaned. "You!" he barked. "I also hate your g— I despise you!" he added with a stiff neck.

Jenny started to cry.

"See here!" Karla Franck said indignantly. "This I do not understand! I demand to know what—"

JENNY paid no attention. The tears were making bright lines down her face now. She told Link, "I had to do it, sweetheart!"

"But why?" Link snarled. "I wasn't a drunk, nor a chaser, nor nothing!"

"And also you were not a statistician!" Jenny sobbed. "Imagine! Statistician in papa's steel mill! Four hundred bucks a month! When what you really are, you're a crooner! An actor! An artist! Remember what fun we had in little-theater musicals in college? And a crooner sometimes gets rich and has fun, but a statistician only sometimes gets to be vice-president!"

"You're a mercenary wench and I despise you!" Link stoutly snapped. "I despise any wench what insults me with a divorce!"

"But look, darling! You got so mad you made good! And now I gotta have you back. And that—that woman—cannot interfere, because I'll pull her hair out, and—and" —Jenny wailed— "I've been so *l-lonesome* these four years, and—"

She stopped, hearing a splintering of wood, and with panic she realized von Koehner's patience had been exhausted. He was breaking the door down. Jenny glanced toward the earth, wildly signaled, and the ladder moved slowly toward the broken window and Link Decker. Link poised on the sill, reached outward, gripped, and swung clear. The ladder bent and jiggled.

"Move!" said Junior Johnson, and the truck moved. He had lost Jenny Rush, but love remained.

Thirty feet above, there was a single silhouette. Link was kissing Jenny thoroughly, hungrily, and with purpose. "Gracious!" she breathed. "I betcha you been l-lonesome, too!" Then von Koehner appeared at the receding window. Just for luck, he fired twice—and missed. Karla Franck had grabbed his arm, but the baron, an expert marksman, did not excuse himself on that account. He realized that Link Decker, so publicly kissing another girl, could hardly continue to be a very serious rival for Karla. Disgustedly he stared at his automatic before tossing it into the street and turning back into Karla Franck's apartment and slapping the tar out of her.

"But, my own!" Karla gasped tragically, her eyes wet and limpid. "The career demands I must remain in America, and you do not come to me during two years! If I must make you jealous threatening a divorce and another husband—I must! I did! Give me a great big kiss!"

A block distant, Junior Johnson turned his face upward. The truck had halted, but Link and Jenny didn't seem to notice. "Hey!" shouted Junior Johnson. "We got to bring you down now! We have arrived at some telephone wires!"

THE END

JOHN ROBERT POWERS,
AMERICA'S A-1
BEAUTY BROKER, SAYS:

"*If their teeth are exceptional* it's a safe guess they use LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE"

Double Size
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPA
DOUBLE SIZE TUBE
162
BRUSHINGS FOR
40¢
REGULAR SIZE TUBE 25¢
Good Housekeeping Bureau

IN all of these United States, there is no man who knows beauty, and beautiful teeth particularly, more certainly than John Robert Powers.

Through his office, in one day, pass more beautiful women than Ziegfeld saw in a year. For this able young businessman's job is the selection of flawless models, for work in the great New York commercial studios and for the sound stages of Hollywood. Mr. Powers is right when he says that if models' teeth are exceptional, it is a safe guess that they use Listerine Tooth Paste.

USE NOTHING ELSE

So many of these young women, whose very livelihood depends on the perfection of their teeth, use only Listerine Tooth Paste. They have found that it cleans ever so gently and imparts that beautiful high lustre so necessary for photographic work. They particularly like its safe action; the fact that it may be used year after year without the slightest damage to precious enamel.

WHY NOT FOR YOU?

Why not strip the mask of age from your teeth? Why not give them the look of youth? It is so easy when you use Listerine Tooth Paste. It is made by the makers of Listerine; you know it must be first rate.

This exceptional dentifrice contains an exclusive combination of ultra-fine cleansers found in no other tooth paste. It achieves results that soapy-type pastes seem unable to achieve.

Why not try Listerine Tooth Paste for a month? At the end of that time see how much better your teeth look and how much fresher and healthier your gums feel. It comes in two economical sizes: Regular 25¢ size and Double Size, with 162 brushings, for 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Are They Putting J. Edgar

A Startling Sidelight on the Price of
a Terrified Underworld Are Lining

by WILL

Acme photo

Hoover's senatorial archenemy, McKellar of Tennessee, in top form as a denouncer. "He never stops fighting."

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WE Americans no sooner set up a hero than we prepare to knock him down. When Washington led us to independence, we worshiped him. When he left the Presidential chair, every penny-a-liner was taking a crack at him. Dewey smashed the Spanish fleet at Manila Bay, and we cheered ourselves hoarse. Dewey sold the house we gave him, and we hooted. To escape this popular reaction, the hero has to die, like Lincoln, at the moment when his great work has reached its climax.

It is working out that way with J. Edgar Hoover. Until 1932 or thereabout, no one except the Washington correspondents knew much about him or the organization he represented—the Federal Bureau of Investigation, Department of Justice. The G-men leaped to public attention when a hastily drawn federal law, passed during the excitement following the Lindbergh affair, gave the Department of Justice general jurisdiction over kidnaping for ransom. What the G-men did to that new, dangerous American crime the whole world knows. That operation, and the ensuing drive on gangsters and professional murderers in general, took root in the public imagination. It changed popular thinking in one vital respect. At about the end of the boom period the motion picture discovered that the public liked gangster films. Producers turned them out by dozens. But when the G-men solved the Urschel kidnaping, and especially when they shot Dillinger, the pictures found a new set of heroes. In one season we witnessed eight major films glorifying the G-men; and the title of the best among them stated the moral—Show Them No Mercy. Virtue, backed with guns, became suddenly popular.

This end was not accomplished without a certain amount of artificial stimulation. President Roosevelt believes in publicity. During the first years of Roosevelt's rule the Department of Justice was no exception. In this case, however, publicity which came to Hoover's men had a better purpose than selling a party to the people. It was helping to make us realize that these bandits and gangsters were just a set of faithless, murderous little rats, who in the pinch usually lacked even courage.

To publicize the individual agent who ran down a crook or shot up a gunman ran against the policy of the department. These operatives are detectives; to reveal their personalities and describe their methods would tip their hands. But the reporters and the public must have a hero. So they fixed upon the hard-boiled, efficient, fighting J. Edgar Hoover, who represented in the Division what Pershing did in the A. E. F.—the general, seldom in the field but directing the job from headquarters.

Here the reporters overplayed the hand a little. The first thin rift in Hoover's popularity began with the rumor that he was a press hound. And one object of the publicity remained unattained. The average G-man is not primarily a shooting man. He is a lawyer, an expert on evidence, a block in the structure of a scientific organization. He takes little pride in bringing down a criminal on the run, but he glories in the fact that this force gets conviction in over ninety-four per cent of the cases brought to trial—a record unapproached by any other American police force. When he boasts for the Division, it is not over the necessary killing of Dillinger or Floyd, but over the collection of fingerprints and the system

Wide World photo

Jailing Public Enemy Karpis. The Post Office inspectors didn't relish Hoover's part in Karpis's capture.

Hoover On the Spot?

Fame—How Rivals, Politicians, and
Up Against the General of the G-Men

IRWIN

Pictures, Inc., photo

The embattled head G-man, J. Edgar Hoover himself, gives a machine gun a test that certainly does look heartfelt!

which has made them of practical use to every policeman everywhere.

However, you cannot dramatize a percentage of convictions, nor put much action into the analysis of fingerprints, whereas a shooting affair writes its own drama. The public continued to rate the G-men only as avengers of the law who trailed the public enemy to his lair and eliminated him in a man-to-man fight.

There are other police forces in the federal government, notably the Post Office inspectors and the Secret Service, which works under the Treasury. By policy, these men keep out of the public eye. This is especially true of the Secret Service. Among its other activities, it watches over the President. Here it maintains a marvelous, subtle efficiency. Also, it protects the currency against counterfeiting, and so intelligently and persistently that "phony stuff" represents only a trace in our flood of money in circulation.

The inspectors of the Post Office Department have rendered mail robbery, once a characteristic American crime, very rare. This force, like the Secret Service, follows every trail to the end. The underworld understands that he who lays his hand on Uncle Sam's mailbags must live out his days a haunted man. It, too, never lets its right hand know what its left hand doeth.

The publicity the G-men received struck these rival police forces as a breach of federal tradition. And, perhaps, policemen being no more than human, both the Secret Service and the Post Office inspectors felt a trifle jealous. Further, a President may some day reorganize our government so that one function rests in one department—not, as at present, divided among from two to six. What more natural, in case the G-men continue to be the darlings of the populace, than that they will absorb both the Secret Service and the Post Office inspectors?

Since their men have a strong esprit de corps, these two like the prospect very little. Police chiefs of the old school have long called the G-men "the boy scouts." The phrase did not originate with them, but with the Secret Service or the Post Office inspectors.

This spark lay smoldering in the Treasury and Post Office departments. In 1935 it burst to a feeble flame. The Secret Service had laid hands upon "Count" Victor Lustig, a picturesque character charged, this time, with counterfeiting. In New York City the Department of Justice maintains a jail for detention of federal prisoners pending trial. Made over from an old warehouse, it was probably a little insecure. At any rate, Lustig escaped. The Secret Service and the G-men both chased after him; and the Service won. According to the Treasury Department, they were bringing him up from Pennsylvania when they fell in with the G-men. The latter, by routine, reported the arrest to Washington; and the Department of Justice announced to the newspapers that its Division of Investigation had collared Lustig.

The files of the bureau show that field representatives of the bureau were instructed, in making an announcement, to give appropriate recognition to the co-operation afforded by the Secret Service agents.

That may have been a mere slip of a subordinate; but it touched off trouble. Concealing hot emotion under cold official language, the Treasury Department told the reporters of the press bureaus that the Secret Service had made this arrest unaided. Thenceforth—if you believe the gossips of Washington—the two forces ceased to cooperate. This is probably an exaggeration; but, at best, they worked together reluctantly.

Keystone View photo

A G-man sorts fingerprint cards. Of these the Division feels warranted in boasting. It has 4,500,000 of them.

Hoover is a fighter. A few months later the G-men swooped down on Alvin J. Karpis in New Orleans and Harry Campbell in Toledo. Proceeding to the spot by airplane, Hoover led both raids in person.

Politics had already entered the drama. From the moment when Roosevelt took office, certain congressmen tried to replace Hoover. His job does not come under Civil Service rules, and it pays $10,000 a year. That is a large political plum. Further—the political mind reasoned—an amenable director might relax the stern impersonal requirements for admission to the force and fill it with deserving friends of the party in power. Attorney General Cummings stood by him, however; and even when Congress, mindful of public opinion, increased and armed the force, Hoover did not relax the tight mental, moral, and physical qualifications which a candidate must satisfy. He maintained them in face of much quiet pressure. Then a few representatives and senators began trying to insert sons of deserving constituents into the force as operatives. Some of these aspirants passed the tests and received permanent appointment. More, perhaps, failed in one test or another.

Senator Kenneth D. McKellar of Tennessee, for example, endorsed several applicants and saw some of them rejected. It would be unfair to charge ulterior motives on this slight circumstantial evidence alone; but the fact remains that within six months after a Democratic administration came into power, the senator was moving all his heavy artillery against Hoover. They say in Washington that McKellar never acknowledges defeat and never stops fighting. His anti-Hoover speeches on the floor, his remarks in private, attracted little attention until 1936, when the Appropriation Bill, increasing the Division's allowance, came to a hearing. McKellar put Hoover on the stand, and no prosecuting attorney trying a public enemy for his life could have questioned the accused more severely. "Whom did you ever arrest?" he asked. When Hoover answered "No one," the senator's expression registered contemptuous triumph.

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

I have been giving this article of Mr. Irwin's serious thought. It deserves it from every American. I have tried to place myself in the position of Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt—to think what he would think.

Mr. Colt, being a policeman with local affiliations, holds no brief for J. Edgar Hoover. He feels that some of the publicity showered on the spectacular G-men has worked an unfairness and often a hardship on deserving sleuths connected with town and city police forces, as well as other branches of the national government devoted to law enforcement.

However, Commissioner Colt would be the first to agree with Mr. Hoover that the day of the untrained policeman is passing. If the existence of this outstanding, even though overpublicized, organization of highly trained lawyers and detectives serves as an example that will hasten a new day in effective law enforcement, it is more than justified.

In the same way, the existence of a nonpolitical incorruptible national police force as an example to local forces throughout the nation may well justify even the excess publicity it has received. Mr. Irwin's figures on the diminution of crime because of the respect offenders feel for the G-men deserve thoughtful study. As he says:

The boys are scared!

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the NBC network every Sunday afternoon from 2.30 to 3 P.M. Eastern Standard Time.

Hoover pointed out that until a year prior thereto no official or special agent for the Federal Bureau of Investigation possessed the power to make arrests. Prior to the passage of a special law by Congress, arrests for violation of federal statutes were made by United States marshals or through the co-operation of state and local law-enforcement officers.

ANALYZED, the insinuation behind this question was rather silly. Hoover has always belonged to the general staff of the Division; his usefulness lay in his executive ability. In the work of the G-men, moreover, arrests are only incidents. Their main task is to get evidence that will stand the test of trial in court. But probably the insinuation did dim the brightness of this popular hero.

In the committee room and in the lobbies outside floated other hints and accusations. Hoover was a young man at the period of the World War. Why didn't he enlist? As a matter of cold record, he was graduated from the night law school of George Washington University, with a job in the Department of Justice already promised, a month or so after the declaration of war. Up to that time Americans of military age had shown rather small zeal for enlistment. The reason does not reflect on their courage and it does approve their common sense. Every one knew that the draft was coming. The War Department was not yet ready to equip or even to house a flood of volunteers. Better to proceed with your job and then go cheerfully when called.

Also, even before the draft, no man in Hoover's position could enlist without actual defiance of patriotism. The administration had ordered all individuals in certain government bureaus, the "D. J." among them, to keep out of the army and navy. If they enlisted, they would only disrupt departments necessary to proper conduct of the war. We have heard the accusing question, "Why were you not in the Great War?" ever since the Revolution. Politicians overworked it after the Civil War. But it is still a good piece of claptrap.

During the Harry Daugherty period, Hoover served the Department mostly as a lawyer. He transferred himself to the Division of Investigation shortly before President Coolidge persuaded Harlan Stone to reorganize this run-down department. The new Attorney General appointed Hoover director of the Division.

IN those days prohibition was the pest of the federal bureaus. The hopeless job of drying up a flood with a whisk broom lay in the hands of the prohibition unit. The Department of Justice was supposed to deal only with the larger conspiracies. One such, apparently, came to light in Cleveland—a distillery which was flooding the surrounding states. The federal district attorney began to investigate this breach of law and was moving toward indictments when a corps of attorneys and investigators arrived from Washington and took charge. Hoover himself flashed in and out of the picture. One alleged conspirator turned state's evidence. When the grand jury returned indictments, the bill drawn against him stated that he was granted immunity in return for his testimony—a very unusual proceeding.

Another defendant came through with a confession, and he named as head of the conspiracy a broker in Washington. The broker was never arrested nor indicted. "Why?" ask the gossips.

The Department of Justice would probably answer that their chief detective has nothing to do with deciding whether or not to indict a suspect. Further, this confession may have lacked that corroboration required by law. Nevertheless, Senator McKellar may take notice of the affair and, if he finds a toe hold, make all he can of it whenever he gets Hoover on the stand.

Critics are totting up the number of public enemies killed by the G-men and of those killed by country deputies or city policemen. The score stands slightly in favor of the police. Friends of the Division reply, "Naturally! There were scarcely six hundred G-men at the time, and hundreds of thousands of policemen." It has been necessary for all enforcement agencies in the last three years, the records show, to kill twelve hundred desperate law violators. Of these the Hoover men killed nine. Further, in almost every instance the Department of Justice started the hue and cry and co-ordinated the chase. When John Dillinger was killed, the statement given forth named no names, except that of the late Inspector Samuel P. Crowley, bureau officer in charge of the operation, and Melvin Purvis. It did, however, acknowledge the co-operation of the East Chicago police. As a matter of fact, it was Sergeants Zarovich and Stretch of this force who through the "woman in red" found Dillinger in Chicago; just as it was Purvis of the G-men who constructed a perfect trap for him.

Report among those who wish to think ill of Hoover holds that the East Chicago policemen did it all, including the actual shooting, with the G-men as mere spectators. The Department of Justice laughs at this.

Investigation reveals that the Hoover bureau records show Dillinger was shot by three special agents of the bureau, one of whom was Special Agent Herman E. Hollis, who later was killed by Lester Gillis, alias "Baby Face" Nelson. The remaining two still are employed as special agents of the bureau.

A lot of these charges are hooey; but a good prosecuting attorney may make them sound plausible in a committee hearing. And the hearings are coming, probably. Senator McKellar never stops. When, at the time of Campbell's arrest, the hidden quarrel with the Post Office inspectors broke through to the light, Representative James Mead called his Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads into secret executive session. If they took no action, that was perhaps because an election was coming. After the election it may be a different story.

Unquestionably a number of powerful interests in American public life want J. Edgar Hoover's scalp. Just as certainly, most of them honor him by their enmity. We have seen the political opposition and the main reason therefor—an array of good jobs not under the Civil Service. The Post Office inspectors and the Secret Service cannot show their hands probably; but they have quiet influence. And unless their mood changes, it will be used against Hoover.

The hostile congressmen have for the most part restrained themselves because of Hoover's popularity. Let that dwindle and they will begin to speak and act. And if the storm [illegible]eaks, many unofficial influences may [illegible] direct influence to bear on Con-[illegible] First, there are our state and [illegible]al police. In some of our [illegible]tably those of California, [illegible] commissioners of police [illegible]ver and will presumably [illegible]im. But in the majority of [illegible]ies the authorities are either [illegible]sans of old-fashioned "practi-[illegible] methods or are hog-tied by that [illegible]nd of ward politics which reaches down into the underworld.

SEVERAL times Hoover has spoken bluntly about the corruption in some of our city police departments. With almost equal bluntness, Attorney General Cummings once remarked that the Twin Cities had become a harbor of refuge for master criminals. Doubtless Hoover was undiplomatic, but it was time for some one in authority to speak out. Indeed, Cummings's remark—made casually and with no thought of its effect—encouraged the reformers of the Northwest to look into St. Paul. They found that Cummings had understated his case. But, naturally, these frank criticisms much displeased those chiefs and commissioners who wink at rackets or who take orders from a political boss.

Organized crime and vice have always cherished a special hatred against Hoover and his force. More importantly, they fear it. In 1933, Machine-gun Kelly was tried in Oklahoma City for his part in the Urschel kidnaping. According to a witness who saw him in his hide-out, when he learned that the Department of Justice had entered the hunt he went all to pieces. "I was sitting pretty," he wailed. "Why was I damn fool enough to stir up the G-men?"

The reporters pounced on that phrase "G-men." It fitted most compactly into headlines. They ran it to death. The force itself seldom if ever uses it. In their joy at finding a phrase, the reporters overlooked the significant feature of this testimony—Kelly's terror. All our professional criminals feel that way. That, and not solely the slaughter of a few public enemies, is the main reason why kidnaping for ransom has declined from a national menace to a rate of one case a year; why, since this crime came under federal jurisdiction, bank robbery has dwindled by half. The boys are afraid. What they want in Washington is a politically minded police force that will listen to reason. And any American who does not believe that the organized underworld has political influence is pulling the wool over his own eyes.

FINALLY, a few voices, as yet muffled, have begun to state an opposition which may have more logic behind it. When the G-men first sprang into popularity, certain enthusiastic newspapers proposed that we make them the nucleus for an "American Scotland Yard"—a national police force having authority to handle all crimes in all the country. Both Cummings and Hoover oppose this policy. They have, however, tried to create a model detective bureau as an example to the country and, by such measures as the new police academy, to educate young policemen in scientific methods. Congress has, since 1931, greatly extended their powers. Already they stand in a position to coordinate the work of state and municipal forces in the pursuit of roving criminals and the destruction of gangs whose operations cross state borders.

A force so efficient and powerful may be either a guardian or a menace. That depends upon the men who direct it. At present we have nothing to fear. The wrong men, however, might use it for persecution—an American Cheka, a secret police force with political aims such as those organized spies supporting the dictatorships of Stalin and Hitler.

In the past this very organization has given one small proof of sinister possibilities. Harry Daugherty, as Attorney General, was using his department for many ends other than abstract justice. Senator Burton K. Wheeler, Democrat and Progressive, set himself up as the main critic of the Harding administration and of Daugherty in particular. Whereupon Daugherty sent a squad of his G-men to Montana to "get something on" Wheeler. This is a remote peril; but it is worth considering.

When Congress again assembles, J. Edgar Hoover, fighter, may be in for the battle of his life.

THE END

Say... WHOSE FACE IS THIS?..
JOHN, DON'T BE RUDE ... IF DAD SAYS COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM IS WONDERFUL FOR A TOUGH BEARD AND TENDER SKIN LIKE YOURS ... YOU MIGHT AT LEAST TRY IT!
WON'T YOU EVER STOP NAGGING? I TELL YOU—ALL SHAVING CREAMS ARE ALIKE!
HE FINALLY GAVE IN
SO THIS IS A COLGATE SKIN-LINE SHAVE. WELL I MUST SAY I'VE NEVER HAD A CLOSER, MORE COMFORTABLE SHAVE IN MY LIFE... AND NOT A TRACE OF STING OR BURN, EITHER!
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN
THAT NIGHT
I HATE TO SAY 'I TOLD YOU SO,' DARLING... BUT YOUR CHIN HAS NEVER BEEN SO SMOOTH THIS LATE AT NIGHT.
YOU WIN, DEAR ... THESE COLGATE SHAVES SURE LAST— AND MY SKIN FEELS WONDERFUL.
COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES 25¢
GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES 40¢

MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

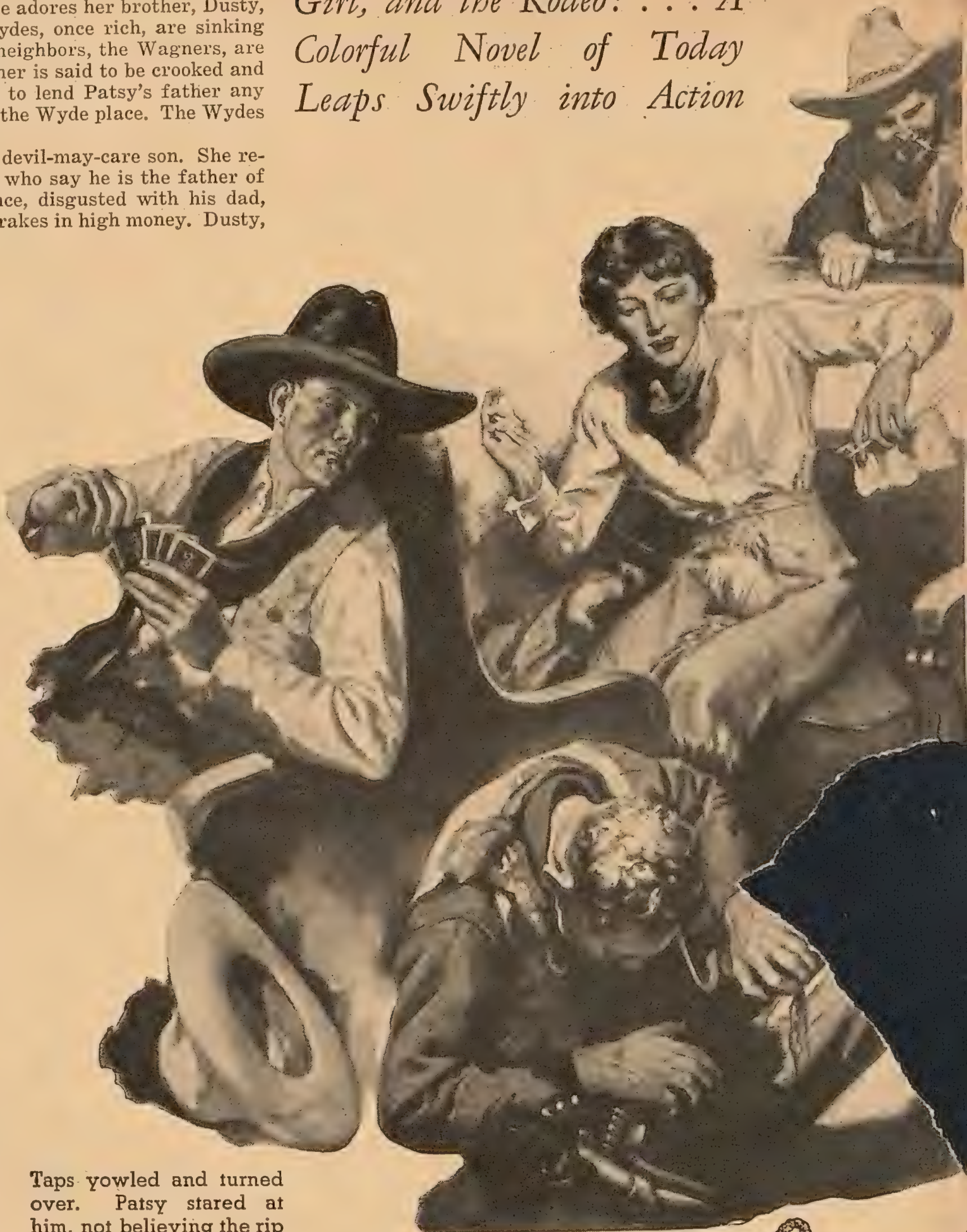
READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Reckless Men, a Gallant Girl, and the Rodeo! . . . A Colorful Novel of Today Leaps Swiftly into Action

ON her home ranch in Montana gallant Patsy Wyde rides the roundup like a man. She adores her brother, Dusty, a rodeo champion. The Wydes, once rich, are sinking into poverty. But their nearest neighbors, the Wagners, are rolling in money. Old Seth Wagner is said to be crooked and he's certainly mean. He refuses to lend Patsy's father any money but buys the mortgage on the Wyde place. The Wydes are in his power.

Patsy falls for Chance, Seth's devil-may-care son. She refuses to believe the dirt-slingers who say he is the father of Edith Frickstader's baby. Chance, disgusted with his dad, quits ranching for rodeoing. He rakes in high money. Dusty, not so lucky, sees his winnings fall after he smashes his ankle and drops from big-time into small-time shows. Patsy feels it's up to her to help win enough money to save the Wyde ranch. She leaves home, joins Dusty, and takes his training so well that soon she's a rider to make crowds gasp.

After two lean years she and her brother join Colonel Manger's big-time rodeo, in which Chance is riding. Patsy's joy is her spirited horse, Gabriel. Her sorrow is loneliness. Her brother won't let her make friends with the free-and-easy rodeo crowd. And, still worse, when they reach Indianapolis, Dusty is dumb enough to go, in a big way, for Mildred Graham, a tawdry cowboy-crazy blonde. Then, too, there's Monk Raleigh, one of the rodeo judges, making passes at Patsy, while she keeps falling harder and harder for Chance. But Chance takes pains to make her believe that what he wants is her friendship only. Feeling she deserves a better man, he doesn't let her see how very much he really cares.



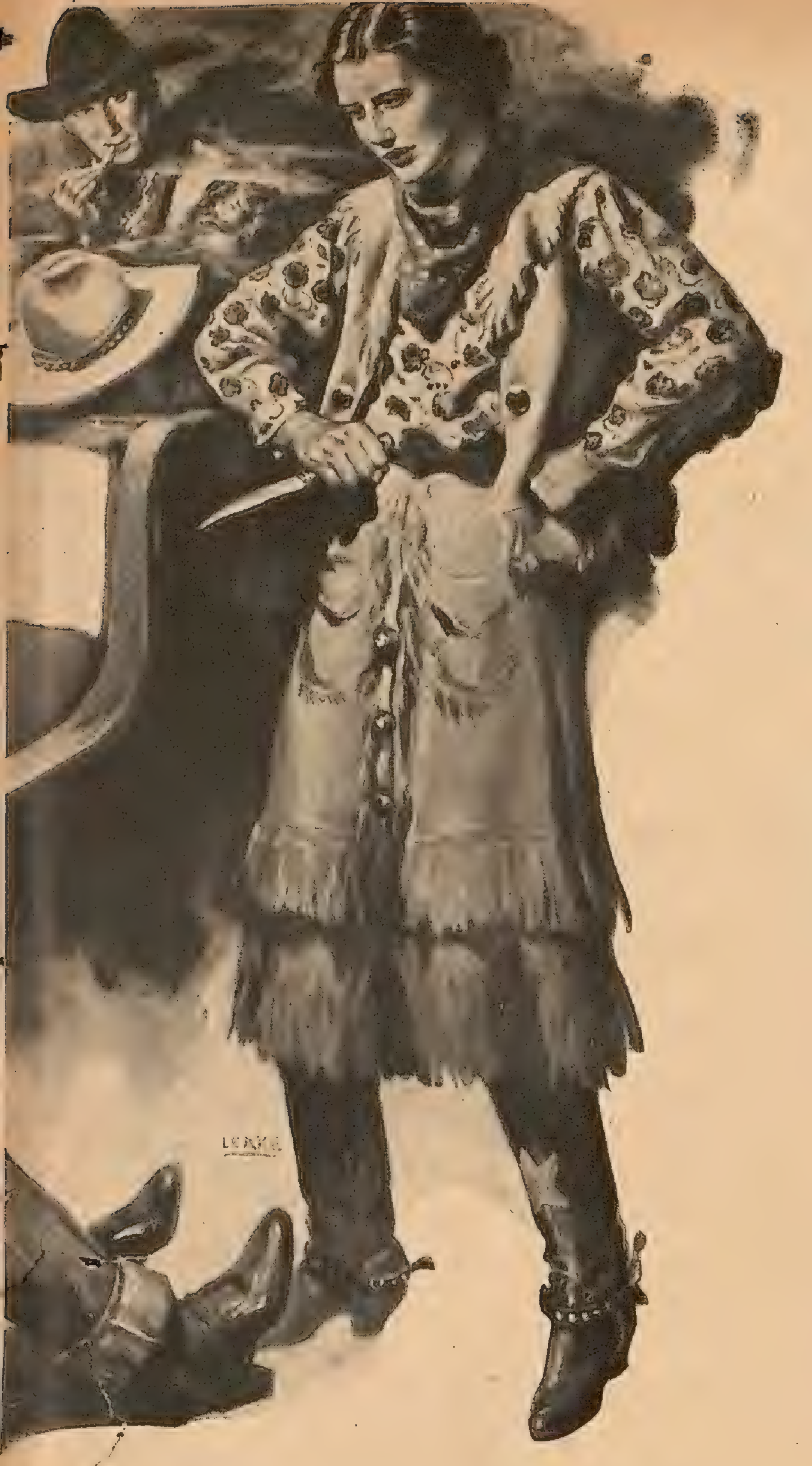
Taps yowled and turned over. Patsy stared at him, not believing the rip in his whipcord pants, the gashing, bloody wound.

Riding High

by DORA MACY

AUTHOR OF EX-MISTRESS AND
PUBLIC SWEETHEART NUMBER ONE

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE



cares for her. Just before starting east for New York and the rodeo in Madison Square Garden, Chance gets a telegram that plainly gives him a shock, but he doesn't tell Patsy what's in it. Then he pushes off alone in his car, pulling Gabriel, Patsy's horse, behind him in a trailer. Patsy, Dusty, and a wild gang leave in a special train.

PART TWO—HEADED FOR TROUBLE

THE Cowboys' Special was headed for Madison Square Garden.

Shortly before Saturday midnight that carousing trainload pulled out of Indianapolis in two sections, forty minutes after the local rodeo was over and only twenty minutes after the last owner had ridden his prize saddle mount up into a chartered freight.

Wild cargo filled the speeding boxcars—Brahma bulls, wild cows, steers and calves and broncs, show stock; but in the Pullman was the wildest of all—a score of cowboys and cowgirls still sweaty from doing their trick in the arena.

Some of them were flat broke; many of them limped; there were a number with casts, broken teeth, sprains, and an assortment of bandages. Such things did not matter; the point was that they were alive and upright after having ridden in sixteen rodeos since June. They were headed for three weeks in New York, which with their peculiar brand of humor they loved to call the Little City by the Sea, with much the same complacency that travelers refer to the Big Pond. They were set for the biggest rodeo of the year, Madison Square Garden, and high money.

The lid was off and they wallowed in hilarity, as college boys on a football spree or business men at a convention. God have a little mercy on any one who would try to law them. All season long they had worked for this high time. They were here to fraternize.

Perhaps the only man in the outfit who would have a compartment properly made up was Colonel Abel Manger, rodeo dictator. That's why he had himself a private car. With him fraternizing was a duty, and ahead of him stretched three strenuous weeks of it. He was a tough, fat old cowman whose white hair, red cheeks, and cream-colored Stetson were better known to the kids of the West than Santa Claus. Over a grilled steak, hot tea, potato cakes, and a supply of toothpicks, the Colonel would dutifully see each of his officials and check their problems.

He would put on his double-lens specs and try to keep awake while he scanned the endless reports, figures, estimates, and lists brought to him by his arena secretary, his arena director, the three judges, the chute foreman, and the stock superintendent. He would sign checks with a stubby pencil because he had done so all his life and no man yet had ever dared fool with him, and, besides, ink was for cheats. He would ask after the riders who had cracked up that season and were scattered in hospitals all over the rodeo route. He would send innumerable wires, and save his mail to read tomorrow. The Colonel always saved his mail to read tomorrow; even his own wife telegraphed him if she hoped for an answer.

Maybe, if there was no real nice way round it, he would see the new publicity man, who, quite uninvited and toting two society friends along with him, had come to Indianapolis to look over the outfit and acquaint himself with the setup. He had looked at the Colonel's rodeo chiefly over the rim of a glass, it seemed, and the Colonel had sacred little use for a drinker. Still, if this Mr. Ryon was what the Garden owners had picked, they probably had their reasons. The Colonel had never yet seen the publicity man who could completely ruin a show. Sometimes the more ornery a man was, the more he responded to civility. So the Colonel would invite Mr. Ryon and his citified friends in, and mix them a drink to toast the coming show.

Then he would give orders to be left alone, and would climb into bed. More than fame, friends, or fortune, Colonel Manger wanted his sleep. Because of him, his stock, his reputation, his trophies, and his prize money,

there were thirty cowgirls and a hundred and fifty-five cowboys entered for the Madison Square Garden contest, prepared to risk bones and blood. For which the Colonel got eighty thousand dollars flat guaranty. But he knew what it meant to get his rodeo in and out of town and give thirty-eight performances. A man needed every hour of sleep he could catch.

Patsy Wyde needed sleep too. She had ridden the toughest string of broncs in Indianapolis. But it became apparent she would never get any sleep on that train.

She settled herself in the green seat her brother had steered her to. Gradually she began to realize that the other women had given orders not to have the berths made up.

“But we’re on this train all night and a whole day!” Patsy murmured in dismay.

“So you should stay upright,” the clown’s wife told her firmly. “Them boys ain’t manageable on a trip like this. Make the best of it and don’t let them rile you. Because, girlie, they mean to play, and they play rough.”

With a sigh Patsy glanced over at her brother, Dusty, seated opposite her now, his big ears protruding beyond his newspaper. He hadn’t warned her of anything like this. Patsy leaned back irritably and, taking off her dollar hat, she ran her fingers through her red hair and rubbed her tired head. She glanced dully at the carful of vociferous cowboys, squared her tired shoulders and mustered a grim smile. Nothing to do but face it!

As if by prearrangement, the other girls were appropriating one whole corner of the car. Of the five other women, two were contestant riders like Patsy herself, and three were mere cowboys’ wives—a very special breed, as Patsy had well learned. They grouped together now, invisibly walling themselves off from the boys and gossiping in shrill undertones. Patsy knew the women, of course, and yet they were strangers to her. They made her feel self-conscious, shabby, and ignorant. If only Dusty wouldn’t forever hang around like a bodyguard, maybe she could make friends more easily.

Sally Ross, the clown’s wife, did the nice thing for once and included Patsy in the talk.

“Good to see Dusty back in the show,” she said with elaborate affability. “The boys missed him sure enough.”

“He ad-mires to be back, all right,” Patsy agreed happily.

“We was with him the night he got hurt. In New Harmony, ’twas. Land sakes, I never will forget! We drove him to the hospital and I just stayed right on. My dotter was born a few hours later. And here she is over two years old and Dusty just gettin’ back into big time.”

Patsy nodded. “They broke and reset his foot five times,” she sighed. “Did you know it was plumb full of iv’ry?”

“Yeah.” Mrs. Ross chuckled. “The boys say all an undertaker will have to do is saw off that ankle and it will pay the funeral expenses.”

Patsy managed a proper laugh.

“Well, you can’t have no insurance in this work.” Sally Ross shrugged. “My Tom’s got his buryin’ fee in his gold teeth.”

A little blonde in the corner straightened up with a nervous movement. “Sally, got any asperine?”

“Sure.” Mrs. Ross clawed through her enormous handbag and produced a bottle of pills. “You met Cissie Hunter, Patsy?”

“Yeah, we met up last night.” The little blonde nodded, and, popping an aspirin in her mouth, she set about sucking it with a sour expression.

“You ridin’ in New York, Miss Hunter?” Patsy asked.

“I aim to.”

“Fool if you do!” Gail Parker, girl champ bronc rider for three years running, snapped officiously. “It’s too soon, I’m tellin’ you.”

“You been sick, ain’t you?” Patsy murmured.

“I have, sure enough,” the blonde sighed. She turned to the other women sulkily. “I’ve seed some rotten free wards in my time, but that one was the alley cats’ barn.”

“Let’s play rummy,” Sally Ross suggested. “Keep your mind off yourself. Would you like to learn, Patsy?”

Across the aisle Dusty Wyde lowered his newspaper abruptly and his big clam eyes glared at the women harshly.

“Why, don’t you know cards is the devil’s prayer book?” Cissie gibed.

Patsy flushed, more conscious of her brother’s displeasure than of the female tittering.

“I have some knittin’ to finish,” she said hollowly.

She rose and sat in a seat by herself, trying not to care that once more she had been ruled out of a group. She gazed out of the dirty train window at the receding lights and fought the tears. She hated the noise, hated the foul air, hated herself.

A wave of homesickness washed over her. She wondered what her quiet God-fearing dad would think if he could look in on this noisy car. She thought of her kid sister, who was probably doing all of mama’s work now and most of Patsy’s. When Patsy was Irene’s age she had ridden mail, thirty-seven miles a day, winter and summer, on Gabriel’s back.

Dad had given her Gabriel that fall as her payment for the job. He was just beginning to build up his stock those days, and though he needed the hundred and twenty dollars a month riding the mail meant, he couldn’t take the time to fulfill the contract himself. Once Patsy took on so high-paying a job as that, she had never gone back to school. Mama had taught her what little she knew. Poor mama must be lonesome in the hospital—lonesome like Patsy was for the Walking Spade Ranch, tortured with the fear of losing the place. Dad had homesteaded that claim and with his own hands built the log house to welcome his Eastern bride. All he had had to start life with was a broken spade found near the creek. That was legend for miles around, the start of the Walking Spade. It had been a proud ranch for a spell, with many a registered brand and ten thousand of the finest head of cattle in the state.

The loss of such a home would be just like a death. Patsy closed her eyes and thought of the austere beauty of snow-choked winters and the lights in the log cabin, a welcoming haven after battling through wind so cold and sharp that it was like breathing pins. She thought of the masses of color spilled on the hills by spring flowers; of mama’s little flower garden fenced by elk antlers and buffalo skulls; of the mountains behind the log house like eunuch guardians—the bawling of calves, the bellowing of steers, and the restless nicker of a horse in the hills. Every year of childhood was a chain that linked Patsy to the spot where she had been born, and to the man and woman who had built a home from nothing and held it through work and faith.

Things were pretty bad at home before dad had permitted Patsy to join the rodeo. Dusty had come home on crutches after breaking his ankle in an arena. The cattle were sold off, all but the poor cutback stock that nobody would take. The horses went too, except the top saddle and roping mounts that were the family’s most prized possessions. Dad wasn’t licked; he just didn’t quite know where to turn. All he feared was that before he managed to think up a way the place itself would go. Banks were closing—just shutting up. As impossible as for rattlesnakes to sell for cutlets, but it was happening. Beef selling for so little on the hoof that a man lost heart. Men can lose their wives, their money, their importance, and somehow seek their bunks at night for sleep. But when a man loses heart he’s not a man any longer. Those days dad was only a six-foot ghost of himself.

Five grown children ought to be able to help. But Molly had just married a mule trader and gone to Texas to live. Hal was married too and the father of a

second set of twins. Irene, the little cross-eyed runt of the family who was dad's pet, was hardly more than a baby. That left Dusty and Patsy; and the most Dusty could do was practice grimly every day, determined to ride again in spite of his stiffened foot.

A new President was inaugurated and he made all Americans go four days without money and then let them have everything but gold. Patsy didn't really know much who Roosevelt was, or, for that matter, just what people meant by the White House, though it sure sounded expensive, as it takes a powerful amount of paint to keep any building white. She heard her dad rumble about Roosevelt:

"New Deal my seat! Don't the dang fool know we ain't played out the old hand yet?"

Which made no sense to Patsy. No doubt the new President played poker, like Sheriff Hawes, but it was unlike her dad to give a hoot who gambled, win or lose.

It was because of a thing called gold standard, too, that mama broke her hip. Suddenly the government made it illegal to possess gold. Mama climbed to a high shelf where she kept a fifty-dollar gold piece her folks had given her when she had been a bride. The ladder tipped and mama fell. It wasn't easy to get her to a hospital in Billings. After that dad hadn't much to say about anything. He gave up opposing Patsy's rodeo plans, and even went to Butte to see her win a relay race her first time in any arena.

SHE sat up angrily. Let this fool crowd laugh at her clothes—at the niggardly way she and Dusty choked every nickel. Let the whole crazy crew of rodeo folks gamble and drink and live high for a spell, if they liked. Let them borrow and lend. Let them ride a season in glory and live on winnings until the next circuit. Let them! For herself, she would win this year at any cost. She'd ride Gabriel through all her stunts around the arena, she'd sit any outlaw horse they put through the chutes, if it meant the Walking Spade cleared, debts scratched off, and enough to start a new herd.

Then, bigod, she'd leave the rodeo world forever, and go back to the cow country, where there was peace, clean air to breathe, and boundless space. Out there you fought to live, but if you were hardy enough you could win over any odds God gave you in weather or wild life. . . . .

With a nervous start, Patsy fumbled for a large linen bag. From it with loving care she took a neatly folded heap of knitting and bent over to pick up the stitches from where she had left off.

Somebody lurching down the car aisle knocked her elbow. Patsy straightened up and looked dolefully at the dropped stitches. With a resigned air she began carefully to rip and pick up the next row.

Across the aisle Dusty roused himself reluctantly. He stood up, stretched, blinked disapprovingly at two roughnecks who were standing on a seat and sparring. Then he shrugged and went to the washroom.

In the center of the car a group of boys were loudly discussing the rides in the last show, arguing ratings, and remembering boastfully past triumphs. To matter in the Garden, a cowboy must come with a record, with points stacked up all season in Minneapolis, Butte, Sheridan, Ogden, New Harmony, Des Moines, Springfield, Cheyenne, and all the others. The more shows he rated in, the higher his total for championship at the New York Garden. One night's ride might thrill a crowd; what counted with folk who knew was the whole season's tally.

A cowboy who had sat on the edge of this group, laboriously paring his nails with a saddle knife, glanced up at Patsy, and seeing her alone he winked largely.

Patsy forced a smile. Taps March was a rough little rascal, New Mexico's gift to the rodeo world, a champ roper and an all-round pest. He grinned a gold-toothed greeting and lumbered over to slouch drunkenly in the seat beside her. "Dusty sure keeps a time book on you," he mourned. "Never get to speak to you."

His face needed a shave badly, and it was so close to hers Patsy shuddered.

"I hates a gin breath," she said sharply.

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G&W's drink of the Month for October

White of ½ Egg *¾ jigger G&W Two, Five or Seven Star Blended Whiskey*
¼ jigger Port Wine *Juice of ¼ Lemon*
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Shake well, strain into glass, add a slice of pineapple... and let G&W's mellow glow fortify you against Fall chills!

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Taps March frowned in large horror.

"That ain't liquor, kid. That's just me!" He leaned toward her and blew a bellowing lungful.

"Wouldn't it poison a hoss?" he asked enthusiastically. "I works in a glue factory all winter, and sometimes I've thinked my hoss guesses it. Tell me, if you was a hoss, would you hate me?"

Patsy stood up, conscious that in her shabby ill-fitting clothes she was being eyed by most of the crowd. With belying calm she walked past the group of women who were waiting to see how she carried things off, and settled in an empty seat across from them.

Taps was not to be done out of his fun. He gripped the seat firmly enough to hoist himself and followed her. "Honey," he said, sprawling toward her so that he almost fell in her lap, "don't get this cowboy wrong. It's a little matter of my breath. Now you blow on me, and I blow on you, and whoever goes down first is a sonva."

He lunged across Patsy full length.

"If you wasn't drunk," she said with measured softness, "I'd wallop you up and down the aisle. It needs a cleanin', and you'd sure be a grand mop."

With which she strained forward, dumping him on the floor. Taps started to rise, and hesitated, his bloodshot eyes fascinated.

"Goo, lookee, boys!" he squealed, his unsteady finger pointing at Patsy's skirts.

Instinctively Patsy drew her legs up under her. At the same instant a knife wheeled through the air in one fine and glorious sweep. Taps yowled and turned over on his face in a reflex of pain. Patsy stared at him, not believing the rip in his whipcord pants, the gashing, bloody wound from his thigh down his leg. Then her terrified eyes looked up.

SHE saw Gail Parker, bloody knife in hand, her face triumphant, her full mouth scornful. It took Patsy a moment to realize what had happened. Gail had sat watching the whole proceedings. When things riled her too much, she had reached over, taken his saddle knife out of Taps' own hand, and let go one of the elegant slashes she was famous for.

Now she tossed the dripping knife on the floor beside Taps and stood up with full-bosomed satisfaction.

Handsome was the word you naturally used for Gail Parker. Her full body was strong, her hair velvet-black, and her eyes had the phosphorous glare of a night hunting animal. Gail had a streak of Indian blood in her as wide as the Missouri River.

"Move over, kid," she said, and settled herself in the seat with Patsy. From the breast pocket of her flowered silk blouse she took a bag of tobacco and a book of cigarette papers and set to work.

All tongues in the car seemed paralyzed by what had happened. Even those who lent merciful aid to Taps were silent, bundling him on to a seat, pulling back his cut clothes, and applying hastily proffered disinfectants. Nobody attempted to tax Gail with her violence or even accuse her of overemphasis.

"Where ya stayin' in New York?" Gail nudged Patsy.

Patsy blinked. The question had sideswiped her. "Stayin'?" She thought frantically. "I guess Dusty would of arranged it. He takes care of everything."

"Christian church!" scoffed Gail. "Your brother be damned. He's poundage in a saddle. He's ounces in his think tank. So you and me room together. One way to get air to breathe in this game is to marry one of these blisters. Then the rest of 'em gives you a wide path. The other way is to room with me."

"That's pretty swell of you," Patsy said earnestly. "I been wishin' if any of them was friendly you'd be. I sure ad-mire you."

"YEAH?" Gail's smile was full-measured. "Well, I think you're all right. Just don't try to walk off with my championship and we're friends for good."

Patsy's chin went up, but her smile was steady.

"Sorry, Gail, but friends or no friends, I'm goin' to win first this year. Goin' to outride even you."

Gail's smile was pitying. "You're a top-list rider, kid," she shrugged, "and I know you're out for the money. But you can't never win. Not the way you treat Monk Raleigh."

"How did you know about that?" Patsy asked, aghast.

"I know Monk from way back," Gail grunted. "I slit him open like an envelope onct. Just to give him somethin' to think about. He wasn't no judge then, neither. I knew you needed a woman friend."

Patsy seemed suddenly pale and tired—a little too small. With an almost motherly gesture, Gail leaned over and patted the kid's shoulder.

"You let Dusty win the money," the champ rider suggested, "and just fix yourself to make a nice showin'. Maybe next year there'll be a different judge." She sighted Dusty ambling back to his seat, and with a smile meant to be comforting she quit Patsy and joined a group that had started singing under the elaborate direction of One-Gut Ross, the clown.

Patsy glanced at Sally Ross and wondered how she could stand being Mrs. One-Gut, knowing that her overgrown husband risked his life a dozen times every performance. Few of the most daring contestants would care to tackle One-Gut's job. The clowns teased and dared wild steers, dodging into barrels that were flung in high fury by enraged horns. Patsy had seen One-Gut after a show when almost every inch of his skin was a bleeding mass. How could his wife bear the thought? Sally Ross sat now munching a chopped-egg sandwich and glancing down with quick watchful eyes at her man. She looked like the kind of woman you could go to in trouble. But she wasn't. The tally on the clown's wife was that nobody mattered Sunday or weekdays but One-Gut; the rest of the world existed because he had to live somewhere.

Aside from a few specialty jobs like One-Gut's, no rodeo folk were paid a cent in any arena. If an ignoramus wanted to make them all-fired mad, he need only call rodeo riders "show people." They were contestants—who paid for the privilege of entering competition. In small shows entry fees might be as low as five or ten dollars for each event. In the big shows it was from fifteen to a hundred bucks for every event entered. In addition, rodeo riders paid all their own expenses—food, travel, hotel, costumes, cleaning, doctors, and all their saddle and riding equipment—or went without.

DUSTY'S entry fees for New York were three hundred dollars—five events. Between them the Wydes had borrowed almost seven hundred dollars from Duke Hillman, the arena secretary. He'd have to be paid back before a cent could go home to the ranch. Duke was always telling them not to worry about it. If the Wydes lost, Patsy knew Duke would only shrug, squint his eyes, and say: "Gopher drippings, if I didn't go and guess wrong again!"

You couldn't fail a man like that.

He entered the Pullman now, and Patsy watched him affectionately. White-haired at fifty, Duke Hillman was one of the few cowboys who wore glasses. As arena secretary for Colonel Manger, Duke had power to settle arguments between the boys and officials. He posted the drawings, paid the day money, and three boys out of ten used him as a bank. He could accept or turn down doctors' certificates of disability, and either rule a contestant out or reschedule an event.

Gail Parker had risen to greet Duke and the two stood talking. They had been married once, way back when Gail was sixteen. Gail had put him through hell, all right, and a couple of her fights had landed him in hospitals. After five years' struggle Duke had given up with a remark that had become famous: "Bigod, I ain't no missionary to tame a savage." It was no secret that Gail still loved Duke, though she had been married three times since.

A poker game started and the boys called for Gail to play.

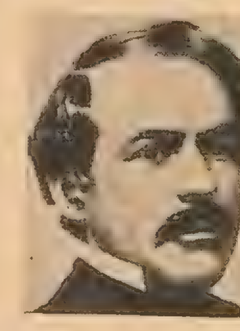
Duke sat himself beside Dusty with an air of some one about to tackle a mean job. Patsy realized from the tones and an occasional word that Duke was trying, with oblique tact, to warn Dusty about something—she did not guess what. She stared into the window and saw her tired reflection. Her eyes were wide and frightened. Mustn't be frightened. That was all wrong—even though she was headed for New York, Madison Square Garden, and all it meant. She and Dusty had to win. Because their world would drop to pieces if they didn't. *They had to win!*

The door of the car opened again, and Patsy stiffened.

Monk Raleigh stood a moment and surveyed the crowd. His green eyes met Patsy's and twinkled. He strolled to the poker game and lingered an instant, looking at the hands and the bets. Next, he considered the group of wives with pale interest, gazed with absorption at Dusty and Duke, and lumbered toward Patsy.

Monk Raleigh is dangerous. He usually gets his way. As a rodeo judge he has great power. Can Patsy hold him off? Follow her fortunes in next week's installment.

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—Who, son of "Light Horse Harry," was born January 19, 1807; was superintendent of West Point Military Academy 1852-55; and was president of Washington College 1865-70? The subject of the early photo at the right frequently opposed the subject of the first question in last week's Twenty Questions.

2—What Biblical character had 300 concubines?

3—How did Maine go in the Presidential election four years ago?

4—Which has more bones, a hog or a horse?

5—What college for women is located at Scranton, Pennsylvania?

6—Of the cases which G-men investigated in 1935, what percentage brought to trial resulted in convictions?

7—What are obsolete and English names for Z?

8—How many were killed last year in industrial accidents?

9—Fagin was a fence in what novel?

10—Detroit time is five hours slower than Greenwich time; how much slower is Alaska time?

11—What is an Australian ladybird?

12—A ninety-eight-pound bag of flour makes how many pounds of bread?

13—During what two hours are the most automobiles stolen?

14—Which ranks higher, an ambassador or a minister?

15—What is the cost of a $10,000 house financed with a twenty-year 80-per-cent FHA mortgage?

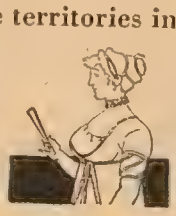
16—Which was Edwin Booth's favorite character?

17—What perennial of the aster family is common to Alpine regions?

18—The chief administrative territories in France are called what?

19—In 1810 the average woman was "a 30"; what is she today?

20—What American humorist (1835-1910) was made a Litt. D. at Oxford?



(Answers will be found on page 39)

It's a *disadvantage* to begin the winter with lowered general resistance!

Winter's hazards and low general resistance go hand in hand. They affect you most when you have been working hard, getting too little exercise and sunshine.

That's why you'll find winter discomforts on the rise every month during the strenuous fall season, and reaching a peak in January and February.

Even though you may not have been bothered so far this year, take precautions if your general *resistance* is low. Instead of waiting until the "peak months" for winter conditions are upon you, start *now* to build good general resistance!

You'll find *Adex* a definite help. It supplies Vitamin A, which contributes directly to good general resistance. It also provides the extra "sunshine" Vitamin D you probably need at this season.

Well-known *natural* sources, such as good cod liver oil and halibut liver oil, furnish the vitamins for Adex.

Start with it today. Make it a *daily* habit. Put a bottle on the breakfast table so the whole family will take Adex routinely. That's the way to get best results.

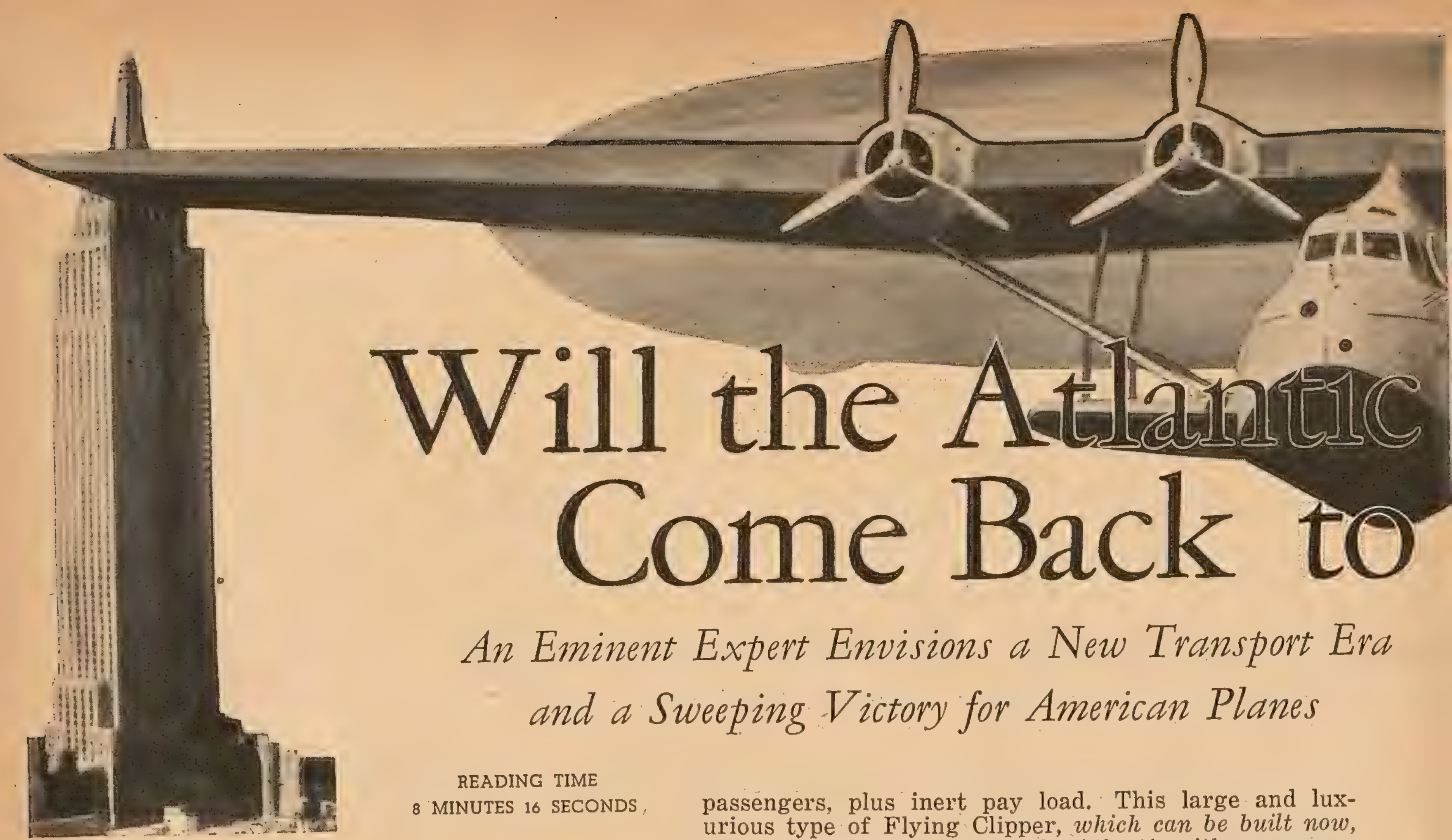
Your druggist has Adex in easy-to-take tablets or capsules. Made by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists to the medical profession since 1858.

ADEX

The modern way for adults to take Vitamins A and D—

● = spoon

One tablet equals a spoonful of good cod liver oil



Will the Atlantic Come Back to

An Eminent Expert Envisions a New Transport Era and a Sweeping Victory for American Planes

READING TIME
8 MINUTES 16 SECONDS

IT has been said that, through the performance of the Zeppelin Hindenburg, Germany has won the blue ribbon for transatlantic flight.

A series of excellent and spectacular flights have been made, carrying a substantial number of passengers and other pay load.

This has produced an impression that lighter-than-air ships are superior to heavier-than-air craft for transoceanic travel. It has also led some to assume that Germany has established a permanent leadership in this new form of transportation. Thus I am asked whether America can regain the blue ribbon of transatlantic passenger flight. My answer is that without a doubt we can do so.

I firmly believe that the successful establishment of transpacific flying by the Pan American Airways furnished proof of what American aviation can do in the line of transoceanic flying, and indicated the best methods.

I am confident that the future will prove the large flying boat to be the best type of air transport for use over the longest ocean trade routes.

I believe that it will combine safety, speed, and economy of operation to a greater extent than any other type of aircraft.

The flying boat does not yet show these advantages over lighter-than-air craft. The Zeppelin, at present, is in a more advanced stage of development.

This is not surprising. Even before the war, or at least twenty-two years ago, Zeppelins had carried passengers. By the time the war ended there were Zeppelins having 4,000 miles flying range.

The demand for long-distance flying-boat transports really began only three or four years ago; and the more advanced "ocean air liners" took to the air only about two years ago. We are only at the beginning of large passenger-carrying flying-boat development.

The lighter boats now in use are, on the average, about one half the size of the smallest practical transoceanic Clipper in which it will be possible to combine the lifting capacity, seaworthiness, range of flying, and the necessary living accommodations for passengers and crew. The possibilities ahead of us I would outline as follows:

1. Transoceanic Clippers of the near future will have a gross weight of at least 80,000 to 100,000 pounds. They will be powered by engines totaling 4,000 to 6,000 horsepower. Such a flying boat would carry forty to sixty passengers, plus inert pay load. This large and luxurious type of Flying Clipper, *which can be built now,* would be capable of crossing the Atlantic with passengers and mail in nonstop flights of *less than twenty-four hours!*

2. After a few years of further engineering development it will be possible to "lay the keel" of watercraft of 100 to 200 tons.

To illustrate size, consider some indicated specifications of a 100-ton ship:

Hull: 140 feet in length; beam, 20 feet; height, 27 feet—permitting *three decks* in its thickest portion and two decks in its tapering stern.

Wingspread: approximately 270 feet; thickness at stub, 6 to 8 feet, thus permitting passenger-salon accommodations and living quarters to be extended into the thicker wing sections.

Passenger accommodations for about 100 persons.

Engines of 10,000 horsepower may give this type of ship about 200-miles-an-hour cruising speed and therefore should reduce the transatlantic flight *to about eighteen hours!*

3. Within another generation I believe there will appear ocean air liners of 300 tons or even more.

In ships of this size it will become possible to have promenades—ocean-liner style—along the corridors in the wings. In the leading edge of the huge wing we will find an observation gallery with an excellent view.

As to how much larger flying boats will be built, I do not know. Public demand and traffic requirements will determine that, rather than engineering limitations. At such speeds, meaning short trips, there will not be the same need for palatial size as exists upon the ocean surface. More frequent service may be considered more important than gigantic size.

The first obvious superiority of heavier-than-air craft is in speed. The Hindenburg has a top speed of 84 miles an hour and a cruising speed of 78 miles an hour. The S-42 Flying Clipper has a top speed of 182 miles an hour and cruises at 160 miles an hour.

Nature has placed a handicap on lighter-than-air craft by requiring about 500 cubic feet of volume of gas to carry a load which is lifted by *one single square foot* of wing area of a good modern plane!

Even at present speeds of both, it is the airplane which promises to the traveling public the really important margin of time-saving as compared with ocean-surface transportation.

A second important factor is the flying boat's greater

Blue Ribbon the U.S.A. ?

Mr. Sikorsky

by IGOR I. SIKORSKY

Famous designer and builder of transport seaplanes and amphibians

as told to EARL REEVES

ability—because of speed—to go around or over storm areas.

The Zeppelin, if manned by an expert crew and having adequate meteorological information, should be able to avoid storm centers. But if caught in one it may lack the speed and climb necessary to extricate itself.

Because of its strength, power, speed, and equipment for "blind flying," there would be no technical reasons why a giant flying boat should not point its nose into and fly *through* a storm. There would, however, be an "operations" reason for avoiding storms, since flight through a bad one might be alarming to passengers. But the lighter-than-air craft *must avoid* bad storm areas.

A third important and new safety factor which will appear with the building of larger flying boats I can illustrate best by first asking a question:

What would we think about an ocean liner which, before leaving port, had its engine room completely sealed so that none of the power machinery could be touched again until the liner reached its journey's end?

With increased size, the thickening of the wing will make accessible to constant inspection—and repair if necessary—all possible "trouble points." The power plants of such planes will be serviced in transit, precisely as are those of an ocean liner.

NOW, let us assume that a dirigible, a landplane, and a flying boat are approaching the United States, 800 miles out, and the crew of each is informed by radio that at their destination there is a great storm or a fog. How will they reach port, and where?

As for the Zeppelin, it can land at one point only—Lakehurst, New Jersey. And there, in even a modest breeze, 100 to 150 men will be needed to help nose her in. Other landing places do not exist at present and their construction would require considerable expense.

The crew of the landplane would be somewhat better off, but still it would be necessary for them to locate one of the few small spots between Boston and Norfolk, totaling in all a few square miles, which would be suitable for the landing of a large transoceanic plane.

Now what about the flying boat? Like the landplane, it can go through, around, or over the storm; but what about its port if the storm envelops the entire coastline?

The answer is that it has an available port *of at least 5,000 square miles* of protected inland waters along the same coastline between Norfolk and Boston!

In such circumstances the giant flying boat would have literally hundreds of choices, Chesapeake Bay alone offering a safe "landing field" nearly 1,000 square miles in extent.

As mentioned, we can build now a ship having passenger capacity equal to that of the biggest Zeppelin. It would cost about half as much as the modern dirigible. It should, moreover, be able to make at least twice as many pay trips in a year. In order to be really useful and successful, the transatlantic service must be operated on a daily schedule in both directions. There is no doubt that the flying boat would represent a much more economical solution of this problem than the lighter-than-air craft.

I have been asked whether these planes of the future will fly at great heights. I do not think so. At 15,000 feet there is a gain of 10 to 12 per cent in speed as compared with sea level. At 40,000 to 50,000 feet the gain would be another 20 to 30 per cent.

If we are to fly at great heights we must build sealed cabins of great strength and supercharge them so passengers breathe air of normal density. The technical difficulties and disadvantages seem to outweigh the chief gain, increased speed.

During a record-breaking altitude flight (for loaded transports) of the S-43 recently, I made certain experiments to test the reaction of the individual at different heights, while sitting quietly, walking about, eating, drinking, etc. I personally felt comfortable up to 20,000 feet with no special provisions, and above that, up to 25,000 feet, used oxygen.

However, for long flights, with passengers on board, my impression, in accord with experience of air-line operators, is that people will feel comfortable in ordinary heated and ventilated cabins at altitudes up to 12,000 feet. Above that, and up to 20,000, or possibly for limited periods up to 25,000 feet, reasonable conditions may be secured by a proper use of oxygen.

Flying at still higher altitudes will necessitate supercharging the cabins. I believe, therefore, that most of the transoceanic flying will be done normally at altitudes up to 12,000 feet.

We are entering a new era in world-wide transportation. All the factors here dealt with favor the airplane over the dirigible. I am convinced that the flying boat is destined to become "standard equipment" on transoceanic air lines.

And that the blue ribbon again will belong to the United States.

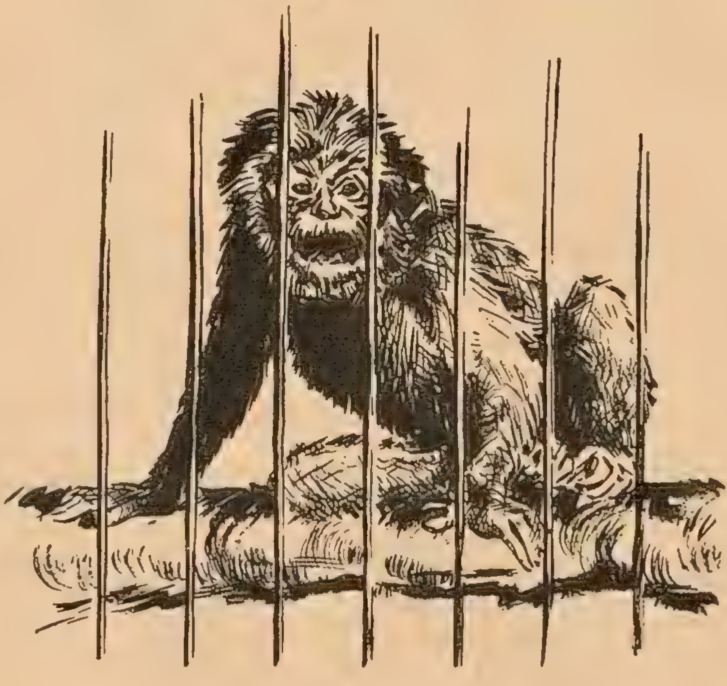
THE END

Africa Speaks—Again

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

by ROBERT CONSIDINE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



I COME here after my shock, pal, and when I can't answer the goofy questions the docs ask me, they let me stay here free. Ain't bad. T'ree meals a day, moom pitcher twice a week, and some pretty smart people to talk to, even if they don't make much sense.

They's gonna be another hearing on me soon. Y'see, the docs ain't certain I'm loco, but you won't ketch me answering them questions right. They ain't gonna put me out in the world again. That's where I had my shock.

You've saw me wrassle, I guess. The hell you ain't! They had me in the Garden back a few years. I stole the show the night Londos and Szabo meet. You know, Bozo Bruckman—that's me. I'm in there with Jack Washburn that night, and what do I do but tear old man Roeber's shirt off him. It brung down the house. The guys up at Curley's like it so much they gimme the honor of being the first wrassler Dempsey knocks out when he starts refereeing our matches.

But you know wrassling. You gotta have friends, you gotta do what they tell you, you gotta flop now and then to help build up the pretty boys. Well, one night I'm in Philadelphia. I knew what I was supposed to do against some new pretty boy from Bulgaria, and everything is going along fine, when what should that grease-ball do but stick a couple of his fingers into my lamps.

It made me so sore I grab aholt of him and give him a body slam so quick he don't have time to get set. It knocked the wind out of him, and I'm still so hot I just jump on top of him, and there ain't much the ref can do except say one, two, t'ree and gimme the duke, although after he counts one he hisses in my good ear, "What the hell you think you're doin'?"

I apologized when I got back to New York, but it was no use. They had spent a lot of dough building this Bulgarian up to meet Londos the following week, and they gimme the gate.

Now all I know is wrassling, and all my frens is wrassling frens, but I'm in descrace so bad I can't find no work a tall. Imagine me, famous enough to be the first guy Dempsey kayos, winding up in a bread line! But that's where I did. That's how I come to get my shock.

Y'see, one day one of the WPA guys comes around with some jobs, and they tell me to go out to the zoo and see a man named Thompson. I feel pretty good about getting a job again. But when I get to see this fella, he says, "Buddy, we had a job mopping up after the alligator, but a college guy got it."

Pal, you can imagine how I felt. I am a down-and-out wrassler, not even good enough to be a nursemaid to a lizard. I start to walk away with my shoulders slumped down and my arms draggin', when suddenly the guy calls me back to his desk again.

"Say," he said, "can you do any acrobatics?"

I'm suspicious, but I say, "Hell, ain't I been a wrassler since Gotch was around?"

So then he lets me in on somethin'. It seems that Bruno, their big monk, has died, and it will take a month to get a new one from where they grow them at. They keep Bruno's fur for old times sake, and the guy wants to know if I'll set in Bruno's cage with the fur on. I don't like the notion much, even when they say it's worth two bucks a day.

Finally I say, "T'row in the peanuts free, and it's a go."

Well, it's the best job I ever have. All I do is set there on the straw and watch the people watch me watch the people. I'd do a couple somersaults for the kids and a little trapeze stuff, but most of the time I'd just set and think about how nice it was to have a job again. The kids liked me a lot, and I can say the same for them.

I liked it so much and I was so busy the first week that I didn't even notice Prince.

Prince was in the next cage, and I want to say now, pal, that Prince was the biggest, growlingest, orneriest damn tiger you ever see. He just crouched there day and night, lookin' at me through the bars, showin' his teeth and spittin'.

After a while I begin to dream about him at night. He gimme nightmares so bad I'd wake up sweatin' all over Bruno's suit.

THEN one night I know it ain't no nightmare. I hear a scream that makes even Bruno's hair stand up.

My eyes pop open, and there, comin' down on me with them big claws, them drippin' fangs, and them green eyes, is Prince.

I don't know how I did it to this day, pal, but somehow I squirm out of his way and I back up to the corner of the cage.

Prince starts comin' after me, slow and dirty-like, a inch at a time, and then I begin to see them claws go down deep in the straw and I know he's ready to jump.

It's a lousy way to die, even for a down-and-out wrassler, so I said to myself, "This is the end, buddy, but I'll get in one good punch or a good holt before he gets me."

Then Prince jumped. And just as he did I crank up a Sunday punch and let it go.

I socked him smack dab on the snout.

Well, pal, I guess you could say my shock comes then. For Prince falls backwards, head over heels, and finally gets up on his hind legs and hollers in a Bulgarian accent:

"Huh, sport! You gat toff, hah? You t'ink you da only down-and-out wrassler in dis domp, hah?"

THE END

The Little Guys Go to Town

Two Valiant Mickeys — Rooney and Mouse — Emerge as Highlights in a Picture Potpourri that Gives You Also the Mad Mr. Benchley and Some Hollywood Redskins

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT
2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR
0 STAR—VERY POOR

Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, and Freddie Bartholomew in a scene from The Devil Is a Sissy.

★ ★ ★ THE DEVIL IS A SISSY

THE PLAYERS: Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper, Mickey Rooney, Ian Hunter, Peggy Conklin, Katherine Alexander, Gene Lockhart, Kathleen Lockhart, Jonathan Hale, Grant Mitchell, Etienne Girardot, Sherwood Bailey, Buster Slavin, Harold Huber, Stanley Fields, Frank Puglia. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. From an original story by Rowland Brown. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THIS original movie yarn has an interesting sociological twist—but a lot of melodrama is tacked on the end, with the result that an intriguing story flops in its final reels.

A little English boy, living in the New York slums with his architect father, gets involved with two potentially bad boys of the neighborhood; but an understanding judge of the children's court is able to see through the boyish bravado and confusion, to bring the lads to their senses. He arouses the best in the boys by pointing out that it takes a lot of force and will power to be good, none to be bad. The devil, to quote him—and the title—must have been a sissy.

The story has an undercurrent of sharp social observation and it is shrewdly pointed—until it goes gangster for a climax. It is forcefully directed, as are all W. S. Van Dyke efforts; but the acting honors are stolen by a tough freckled tousle-haired lad, one Mickey Rooney, as one of the near-bad youngsters, off to a cruel start, thanks to a father who ended in the electric chair. Freddie Bartholomew is sensitive and interesting as the British boy; Jackie Cooper is adequate but a little too big for the other child musketeer.

VITAL STATISTICS: Story is that a certain bullying Jack, neighbor of Freddie Bartholomew and long his tormentor, heard Freddie was in this, kept hurling, "The devil's no sissy—but Freddie sure is!" One night after work, Freddie invited said Jack to a vacant lot, knocked the living sass out of him and the undying respect into him. P.S. Freddie had been taking boxing lessons from Jackie Fields, ex-champ. Otherwise Freddie annoyingly hurtles around M-G-M narrow-streeted lot on his new motor-bike; bounces heavy objects against busy executive walls; summons his beloved Aunt Cissy (Miss Myllicent Bartholomew) by the curdling call of Tarzan; adores pranks, the tear-gas gun Vic McLaglen gave him, wisecracking, and sticky sweets. Advised Flora Finch: "Freddie, study history and people, and don't let an inordinate love of candy or pastry come between you and your career. Such weakness may prove your undoing!" So impressed was Freddie, he laid off jawbreakers for the day. Freddie likes long words and remarked at a party the other day: "This cherry cordial is well manured, isn't it!" He studies three hours a day and must absorb two points of view—English and American: learning that George Washington was both a traitor and a great hero! An Irish lady teacher administers said knowledge. Freddie has an I. Q. of 136, the tongue of thirty-six, the manners of a Barrymore. He loves to chew the fat; knew long passages from Shakespeare and whole chapters from Dickens by heart before he could spell; started acting in middle-class London society reciting a poem about a London bobby. Chivvied his aunt into letting him try out for David Copperfield part, when Selznick made famous hegira to England. Wants to be a lawyer. . . . Mickey Rooney's voice is changing; he has a new crush every day; likes foreign foods; is anxious to grow more than 5 feet 1. He aspires to song writing and has already turned out The Weather Bureau of My Heart, and there doesn't seem to be anything any one can do about it. Mickey golfs in the 80s; captains a bowling team; boxes, rides, shoots; is a fight fan. Real name's Joe Yule, Jr. He boasts he's always worn long trousers; at four he played midgets and his baby teeth fell out from rubbing of artificial cigar he pretended to smoke; and he'd eat steak and onions three times a day if let loose. Wants to be a chemist. . . . Jackie Cooper's ambition is to be nineteen, for here he is fourteen and where is he? Hates arithmetic. . . . Sherwood Freckles Bailey really swallows those red ants. Says the trick's in giving them a quick glump down, but first they must be soaked in syrup, which lubes them into sliding easily and not always running back up the gullet. . . . Peggy Conklin supported Lezz Howard in staged Petrified Forest; has flown the continent eight times each way this year. . . . Pudgy author Rowland Brown, sports cartoonist of Canton, Ohio, got inspired while appendixing in a Holly hospital few years back, seized a shirt cardboard, wrote his first gangster original (Doorway to Hell), then gangster-storied himself a small fortune. Brown writes surrounded with stooges; was once offered $1,000 (a grand) a week to pretzelbend, or pro wrestle. Directed ⅔ of this until studio yanked him and replaced him with Woody Van Dyke, who reshot entire picture. . . . Kids raised so much ruckus betwixt shots, Van Dyke lost his enormous patience occasionally, made offenders stand in corner. Woody's cuzz to the late Henry Van Dyke, writer, Hague ambassador, but no relation to the inventor of the beard. Lean, tough-looking, Woody hardly looks like scion of very artistic intellectual family, which he is. Hollywood's most important director, he prefers mugging to megging; makes about $175,000 a year; brooks no actorial advice or nip-up nor hijinx while working. . . . Pic came to about $350,000 despite remakes. . . . Hot summer heat dispelled by F. Bartholomew invention: Freddie inserted dry ice his ice cream came with in electric fan, and it worked!

★ ★ ★ HOW TO VOTE

ROBERT BENCHLEY, the critic who turned actor in order to prove that acting is no trick after all, is back again with another short comedy. This time Benchley, last seen as the barfly of Piccadilly Jim, is an earnest young speaker who can't remember his address at a political rally. When he gets through explaining a wall chart, his party is about ready to admit approaching defeat at the polls. The comedy is hilarious—practically as good as his famous How to Sleep.

VITAL STATISTICS: Hollywood definition of How to Make a Short: Make an epic and cut off both ends. Shorts can cost anywhere from a few hundred dollars to La Cucaracharian tops of $95,000. Nobody knows how they make any profit, for any good neighborhood house always throws in a half dozen of them along with a few Mickey Mice, the newsreel, seven trailers, bank night, screeno, and two full-length features. Some studios give them away to sell their biggies. Shorts are often harder to write than fullies, requiring special short-story technique. Except Benchleys, which are easy—because they're funny and written by Benchley himself. This

Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

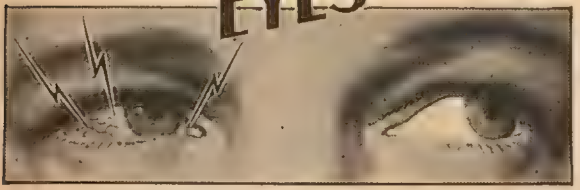
Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

"MORNING-AFTER" EYES



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AT last! Bloodshot eyes *cleared* . . . made milk-white, sparkling! Druggist refunds money if one application of new, scientific EYE-GENE fails. *Fast* . . . works in seconds! Stainless . . . safe as water. Almost *instant* rest for tired, strained, smarting eyes. Thousands switching from boric and other old-fashioned solutions. At all drug and dept. stores.

EYE-GENE

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STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION. 40 years world-wide success. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at any drug store proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. *Prescription*

cost about $6,000, Benchley himself designing that goofy map. . . . There is nothing abnormal about Bob (Fats) Benchley except that he sees the funny side of everything and always does something or other about it, if only laugh. Born normal, he managed his way through the normal schools and even managed to be graduated normally from Harvard in 1912, quite a feat. He was furiously funny for the Harvard Lampoon; climaxed it with two years in the Curtis Pubco's advertising department. On June 6, 1914, he married Miss Gertrude Darling, promptly had two small benchleys, Nathaniel Goddard and Robert Gale, both quite normal. After a year of industrious personnel work in Boston, he became associate ed of the New York Tribune Sunday Mag, then editor of the New York Trib Graphic, from which he was drafted to posish on the Aircraft Board in Washington during the war. Then Vanity Fair made him its masculine editor, after which he sank to the lowlife of a book critic for the New York (Blessed) World, but immediately got to be drama dissector for Life (1920-29). During this time he waged an unsuccessful four-year campaign against Abie's Irish Rose; did his best work in a tiny triangular office next to Dotty Parker in Metopera House Building, smack over New York traffic; ate a lot of deep-dish apple pie at the Algonquin; made his name and infectious laugh ring round the world. One night at an anniversary Life dinner he made his famous Treasurer's Report, which landed him in the Music Box Revue, then on the New Yorker, then into the movies. Somewhere in here he wrote a few thousand funny pieces, ran away to sea, and invented the bathysphere, he claims. He also says he's lazy; but actually he works sixteen hours a day. Has an M-G-M contract at $1,800 a week, which allows him six months in New York—but doesn't know whether it mayn't be his New Yorker contract which allows him six months in Hollywood. Though others might long have ditched drama criticism, he clings to it like an old mustache cup. Great friend of Mrs. Dorothy Parker, he is always Mr. Benchley to her and he does not make up her funny sayings.

★ ★ ½ THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

THE PLAYERS: Randolph Scott, Binnie Barnes, Heather Angel, Hugh Buckler, Henry Wilcoxon, Bruce Cabot, Robert Barrat, Philip Reed, Willard Robertson, Frank McGlynn, Sr. Directed by George B. Seitz. From the novel by James Fenimore Cooper. Produced by United Artists.

HOLLYWOOD always falls down when it casts its players for either debutantes or Indians. Maybe the movie colony is too complacent to capture the right amount of sleek cruelty and down-to-the-skin ruthlessness. Anyway, these are the two stumbling blocks of screen casting.

Movieland ran into the same old trouble in filming James Fenimore Cooper's classic of the pre-realistic era, The Last of the Mohicans. We always felt a tender spot for this yarn of simple Englishmen, hardy frontiersmen, and heroic fearless redskins slithering through the forest primeval of upper New York State, maybe because we grew up in the shadows of the Cooper legends.

Possibly you know the story of Hawkeye, the redoubtable scout, and his two Mohican pals, Uncas and Chingachgook—and Hawkeye's love for the lovely daughter of the British colonel. If you don't you should. Or maybe you should see this film version.

The picture is done with a great deal of care and attention to detail; the swift movement of Cooper is retained. It may seem old-fashioned—possibly it will; but, for all that, we think you will like this simple guileless romance of the days when the French and the English fought for supremacy at the headwaters of the Susquehanna.

Randolph Scott is an effective enough Hawkeye, but the Indians, we regret to report, are all healthy young Hollywood actors doing their best to look taciturn and tanned.

VITAL STATISTICS: James Fenimore Cooper, the inventor of the horse opera, Zane Grey, Herman Melville, and the pulp magazine, was patrician-born September 15, 1789, at Burlington, New Jersey. Like the other world-famous Yale-lit light, Sink Lewis, he stormy-petreled his way through Yale, was in the class of 1806, finally getting bust out for insubordination. Pugnacity marked him through life and when fame came he was constantly quarreling with newspapers of both United States and London, involving himself in constant libel suits. After college he able-seamanned, then middied, then married, and retired to his lovely Cooperstown, New York central lake region, estate. Never refused a challenge; so one day, when his wife heard him remark he could write a better story than some one or other, though no writer, he took her dare and turned out Precaution, the worst novel of all time. Had Precaution been a smash hit, he'd have quit. Since it flopped something terrible, it spurred Cooper typically into getting out The Spy, first American sea novel, a year later, and an instant smash. Last of the Mohicans came in 1826 on chance advice of a friend at Lake George to continue Leatherstocking series. Cooper is known for his bad English; his inability, though well-born and well-to-do, to write a society novel decently or a primeval woodsy one badly. His books translate into any language in the world, including the Japanese, losing none of their flavor, rhythm, idiom. Wrote thirty novels, travel books, tons of polemic, and is said to have arrived at gates of immortality with excess baggage. Has been laughed at for his Noble Red Man—his romanticization of the Indian—and he's despised of intellectuals; but he'll outlast Gertie Stein, I fear. He's terrific on nature and died rich in 1851. Today Yale honors but doesn't read him. . . . Cooper's Hawkeye is really Natty Bumppo, elderly, realistic, resenter of civilization, loveless, minus an ideal side but full of woodsy ideas. He's alert, peevish, strong, adroit, and immortal. Producer Small's Hawkeye is Randy Scott, younger by about thirty years than the original Natty and something like him except he has a song writer's ideas about love. Otherwise story little changed, Cooper showing strong symptoms of wanting to get to Hollywood. . . . Took writers eleven months to get satisfactory script together, although Cooper wrote book in less time than that. . . . Thirty-three shooting days and $633,000 were expended for Mohicks, Producer Small hoping to top grosses of his Count of Monte Cristo, which cost a mere half million and grossed a mere three million. . . . Researcher Eddie Lambert, the walking encyclopedia of Hollywood, read 400 volumes to keep this boner-free, then had to see German George III's thick hamburger accent give way to a pure Oxford, lest any one be offended in these sensitive nutzi days. The sausages George eats, however, look suspiciously like modern mechanical hot dogs—or was the barkie invented before Coney Island? . . . All leading male Indians recruited from the Hollywood casting reservations—but the Indian women are genuine squaws. Were some real great barrymore of a brave to spring up somewhere, he'd be a star—but none ever do! Robert Barrat, who looks more redskin than the real redskins, looks exactly like the head side of an Indian nickel; didn't pose for it; has not Indian but French blood in his veins; is of old New York family. . . . Henry Wilcoxon, who has been in a couple of floperoos recently, enjoyed this one; thinks it'll pull him back into public favor, make big money in England. He also got himself married day production ended. Was once at once Biff Wilcoxon, English amateur heavy, and Beau Wilcoxon, fashionable London West End tailor's assistant. . . . Bears were awful pests on Kernville, North California, approximation of Central New York lake region, trying to steal scenes and all food in sight. . . . Randy Scott, amply protected from actual danger, went through ordeal making burned-at-stake scenes, eyebrows being singed, smoke choking him, war whoops becoming intolerable. Says he was glad when the marines came and rescued him—and never again will he do anything hazardous as that, even for his art. . . . Double engaged to utter war whoops for Philip Reed gifted with sensitive trilling tonsils. Santa Monica life guards stationed around roaring rapids to save tough Indians and actors from drowning. . . . Bruce Cabot is ex-Mrs. Caboting these days.

★ ½ MICKEY'S RIVAL

THOSE magnetic mice—Mickey and Minnie—go on a picnic in their latest Walt Disney adventure, run into an interloper and an annoyed bull, with highly diverting results. This isn't the best of Mickey's efforts—for one thing, Donald Duck, our favorite Hollywood actor, is absent—but it is amusing.

VITAL STATISTICS: On September 28 Mickey Mouse had his eighth birthday and Lloyd's of London refused to insure him because they feel he'll never die. For Mickey, Walt Disney has collected twenty-two awards and several million dollars and has never had to pay Mickey a cent of salary or take any back talk supported with busted contracts. Recently Mickey's been appearing less and less with Minnie, and though she pops up and squeaks through this, there may be a divorce some day. Minnie seems to lack Carole Lombardism. Mickey and Minnie rarely kiss each other and usually shake hands for the fade-out clinch. Kids, it seems, like their mice sexless. Were all Mickey's creators given screen credit, there'd be more film used for this than for the picture itself. All Mickey's creators lose their artistic identity when they enter model Disney works, but are all very happy. Recent comic cartoon depicting an animator rising rebelliously from his drawing board and crying, "Are we men or are we mice?" considered joke around Disney plant. Mickey animators talk about accordion flow, diagonal fields, motivation, El Greco, andante con brio, and very little about rodent lore. Mickey's coming rival for public favor is Donald Duck with Pluto, Elmer Elephant, the three kittens, pigs, wolves straining to outstrip each other. Whenever one gets obstreperously jealous of the others he's popped back in the ink bottle. Mickey has been borrowed by other studios. Somewhere in Hollywood dwells Mickey's Voice, a mysterious fellow who rides in limousines, gets fifty-two checks a year, but whose name Disney refuses to reveal.

★ DER KAMPF

THE PLAYERS: Lotte Loebinger, Bruno Schmitsdorf, Gregor Gog, Ingelborg Franke, Heins Greiff, Alexander Timontajeff, Alexander Granach, Ernest Busch, Lothar Wolf, Nicolai Akimoff, Pavel Paschkoff, Robert Troesch. Directed by Gustav Wangenheim. Produced by Mejrabpomfilm, Moscow. Released by Amkino.

MAYBE we miss the social significance in the cinematic confusion. This is a drama produced in Russia in the white heat of passion by German actors and actresses exiled by the Nazi regime. Revolving around the burning of the Reichstag, it is offered as a challenge to Herr Hitler. It is hot with bitterness against the Nazis; but the bitterness gets involved in the general muddle.

The story may be clear to followers of the Russian technique, but it isn't to us. Flashes, from the north end of a statue, to an old woman's right eye, and then to a group of actors massed in a darkened room in which nobody seems to have a quarter for the meter, leave us in a frank state of perplexity. Or maybe elemental Hollywood has ruined the lucidity of our thinking. But the plot really should be clearer, since the titles—superimposed on the scenes—are in simple enough English. The dialogue is in German.

Critics tell us Lotte Loebinger does some fine acting as the mother, but you will have to discover for yourself. We are not sure just what she is trying to express—but, whatever it is, she is expressing it at top emotion for ninety minutes.

VITAL STATISTICS: The pot having called the kettle red, or words to that effect, this is frank anti-Nazi propaganda, Moscow made, filled with German refugees in Russia, and meant as an artistic sly kickback at the violent anti-Red Hitler. Would that our future difficulties were settled with quarrelsome films instead of with 9.2s! . . . Average Russ film costs about 600,000 rubles, or a mere $200,000—M-G-M quickie money. . . . There are no Powellian stars in Russia; accent is on giving entire cast credit. Recently special uncommunistic billing has crept in by designating the popular So-and-Sovitch as the people's artist and letting his name stand out from others. There is no fan mail in Russia; there are no previews with rubbernecking idiots in stands; no autographs; and their diaries and private doings are their own business. There are no 10-per-cent flesh peddlers; lady stars do not pose for lipstick or bust remover; nobody has contractual fracases, nobody complains about taxes; there is very little made in the false eyelash business. Actors are a pretty serious lot, working hard for eight years in the state training schools to learn their craft inside and out. Graduated, they alternate between studio and stage. "Stars" get about 30,000 rubles a picture and can make as much as 100 grandskis a year (1,000 rubles equals 1 grandski). Minor players get from 1,000 to 2,000 rubles a month; extras from 600 to 700. Compare the extra with the Hollywooder, who might make $2,200 a year should he be one of a lucky few. In bad times Russian extra stays on salary. . . . New studio being built in Crimea is part of 300-year plan; cost about 300,000,000 rubles; will be equipped with all latest mechanical devices, "borrowed" from Hollywood; and will turn out 600 pictures a year when fully blasting. Russia admires Hollywood's technical side only, but there are no copyright or patent laws around. . . . Only Russian studio scandal I can recall is one a year or so back, when a director took his company on location in South Russia, spent entire production costs on whoopee, not scenes, sent for more, spent that too. Poor fellow was relieved of his megaphone, was *not* sent for by Hollywood (although he seemed to have the right touch), and is today reestablished in a Kiev studio willing to take a chance on his word that he's reformed! . . . And now what will Hitler do? Will he try to pull any fast ones to keep this from being shown anywhere? Will he get Goebbels, his Mahatma Propagandhi, to think up a retort discourteous?

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat.

★★★½—Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld, Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January.

★★★—Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again, Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 33

1—General Robert Edward Lee.

2—Solomon, 1 Kings 11:1, 3—"But king Solomon loved many strange women. . . . And he had . . . three hundred concubines."

3—For Hoover.

4—There are seventy-nine more bones in the body of a hog.

5—Marywood.

6—Ninety-four per cent.

7—Izzard and zed.

8—About 16,500 persons.

9—Dickens's Oliver Twist.

10—Five hours slower than Detroit time; this being ten hours slower than Greenwich time.

11—A beetle employed for insect control, particularly helpful to growers of citrus fruits.

12—About 142½ pounds.

13—Between 8 and 10 P.M.

14—An ambassador.

15—About $16,228.

16—Hamlet. The Players Club erected (1919) a statue of the famous actor in that role in Gramercy Park, New York City.

17—The edelweiss.

18—Departments.

19—A "34."

20—

Mark Twain

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to the Ladies

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

FOR six weeks Dorothea Brande tried the experiment of never speaking unless she was spoken to in the office where she worked. Nobody thought her silence unfriendly or strange, and she found the vacation from talk extremely restful. In her popular book, Wake Up and Live! she advises all of us to give our conversation an occasional holiday.

So she and I had a nice long talk.

I asked her what difficulties in her own life had been hardest to overcome. "Mosquitoes," she told me, "and riveters, and being too fat or too thin." She explained that mosquitoes *always* bite *her*, that noisy riveters are almost always at work next door to where *she* lives, and that for some unaccountable reason her weight fluctuates from one extreme to the other. She feels best when she weighs one hundred and forty pounds. "But I nearly always weigh something else," she said.

Dorothea Brande believes that most of us waste four fifths of our energy, use only one fifth to our profit, squander the other four fifths on worry and disappointment. She thinks we can avoid such waste by cultivating our least developed faculties. If your memory is poor, she says, make a hobby of improving it. If you have no ear for music, or no eye for color, get busy along those lines.

That, says Dorothea, is the way to wake up and live. Her full name is Alice Dorothea Alden Frederick Thompson Brande.

DOROTHEA BRANDE

● Story about my editor: He went to a formal dinner party, arrived by taxi, had nothing smaller than a ten. The taximan couldn't change it but offered to break it somewhere in the neighborhood and bring back the change. Down sat my editor to dinner. He knew few of the other guests, few of them knew him. The party was *very* formal.

In the middle of dinner a maid brought him his change from the taximan—all silver for some reason—nine dollars and twenty cents in half dollars, quarters, dimes, and nickels. Without a word the maid handed him a plate heaped with coins. Without a word of explanation to the assembled ladies and gentlemen, all of whom were popeyed with curiosity, my editor poured the money into his pocket and went on with his table talk. He *never did* explain.

That's the kind of man *he* is!

● It may be all very well to laugh at the nudists with some tolerance when you read about them, but what would you do if your own daughter, age twenty-one or so, should up and tell you seriously that she had decided to *be* one? I've just heard of an actual case that happened in California. The mother of the nudistically inclined young lady took a shrewd line. She realized that there isn't much use, nowadays, in trying to lay down the law to our youngsters. What she said to her daughter was this:

"Very well, my dear, we'll all be nudists—your father and I, and the cook and the chauffeur. If nudism is good enough for you, it's good enough for us. But I must say, considering my figure and your father's bow legs, we'll make a pretty picture when we all go out together, the whole nudist family."

Of course her daughter dropped the entire idea like a hot potato. Very few pretty girls would care to be seen with their elders in the nude.

● Fashion, this autumn, reflects three very different feminine moods. One is the *daisy chain* or *college girl* mood, as seen in our new sleeve cuffs trimmed with artificial daisies. Another is the *harem* mood, represented by necklaces or jingling coins. Queen Mary inspired the third. She always carries a *long-handled* umbrella. Long-handled umbrellas are now in style.

● An enterprising young lady in England has just set herself up in business as a first-aid counselor to brides. She has opened a bureau where newly married girls can, for a small fee, obtain expert information about household shopping, family finance, cooking, hiring domestic help, preparing for motherhood, etc. As far as I know, this is the first agency of its kind to be established anywhere, and I think it deserves attention. Inexperienced housekeeping can cause dangerous trouble between a bride and groom during their first married months. Such a service as this new one might help them dodge the dangers.

● It seems fairly obvious that we cannot know too much, right now, about the Japanese. Victor A. Yakhontoff's new book, Eyes on Japan, is realistic, thoughtful, easy to read. (Published by Coward-McCann, Inc.)

● The afternoon-tea habit has caught on rapidly of late, especially among city women who work in offices or get tired out shopping around in the big department stores. Soothing to the nerves, about 5 P. M., is a cup of tea with toast or a piece of plain cake.

Here's a famous English recipe for *honey teacake*. Don't take more than one slice, or you won't eat your dinner.

Mix 1 cup honey with ½ cup sour cream and 2 well beaten eggs. Carefully measure ½ cup butter, melt and add. Now stir in 2 cups sifted flour and ½ teaspoon each of baking soda, cream of tartar, and powdered mace or finely ground cardamon seeds (cardamon is better if available). Use a flat pan and bake the cake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Keep 24 hours before cutting.

LIBERTY and the PLATFORM-MAKERS

How the Suggestions Voiced in These Pages Struck Home in the Planks of Both Parties

by DONALD FURTHMAN WICKETS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

SOME time before the conventions of the two major parties, Liberty asked a number of eminent business leaders, among them Lewis H. Brown, president of the Johns-Manville Corporation; C. M. Chester, president of General Foods Corporation; Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., president of General Motors; James Ford Bell, president of General Mills, Inc.; C. L. Bardo, president of National Association of Manufacturers, and the late John Hays Hammond, capitalist and veteran mining engineer, these questions:

What plank will win the 1936 Presidential election?

What issue will be crucial in the campaign?

The stimulating replies aroused considerable discussion in both party camps. Comparing the two platforms, it is obvious that many of the demands made by American business through the columns of Liberty have struck home.

August Heckscher and John Hays Hammond expressed concern about the validity of platform promises. Mr. Hammond demanded a personal pledge by the candidates to abide by the platform.

The Republican platform squarely meets this demand:

"*The acceptance of the nomination tendered by this convention carries with it, as a matter of private honor and public faith, an undertaking by each candidate to be true to the principles and program herein set forth.*"

Governor Landon, in a message to the convention, specifically declared: "*If nominated, I unqualifiedly accept the word and spirit of that undertaking.*"

Mr. Hammond also advocated destruction "of useless duplications, overlapping jurisdiction, and triple and dual taxation. Such a plank . . . should be devised even if it involves amending the Constitution."

The Republican platform pledges the party to "*revise the federal tax system and co-ordinate it with state and local tax systems.*"

Messrs. Brown, Bardo, and Chester demanded economy. "Reduce the cost of government," said Mr. Brown. "Cut taxes," added Mr. Bardo. "Get more business into government," said Mr. Chester.

Both party planks meet the demand for economy. The Republicans pledge themselves to balance the budget, "not by increasing taxes, but by cutting expenditures *drastically* and *immediately.*" The Democrats express determination to achieve a balanced budget and reduce the national debt "*at the earliest possible moment.*"

Mr. Chester's call for the handling of relief "in the most humane, intelligent, and practical manner" is answered in both party platforms—though differently.

Mr. Brown and Mr. Chester said the platform must provide a sound solution of the agricultural problem "without excessive burdens on the housewife's budget."

The Republican platform offers thirteen different kinds of assistance to the farmers; the Democratic platform makes five pledges. The Republicans favor "removal of restrictions on production"; the Democrats want only as much production "as foreign and domestic markets will absorb." The Republicans advocate an increase in tariffs on farm products; the Democrats pledge "adequate protection against unfair competition." The Republicans advocate a soil-conservation program with reasonable benefits to co-operating farmers; the Democrats pat themselves on the back for having issued such a program and having voted money for the benefits involved.

Mr. Hammond's demand for a "tariff that really protects" is met in both platforms.

Mr. Sloan and Mr. Bell asked the government to get out of business. The Republicans insist upon:

"Encouragement instead of hindrance to legitimate business. Withdrawal of government from competition with private pay rolls.

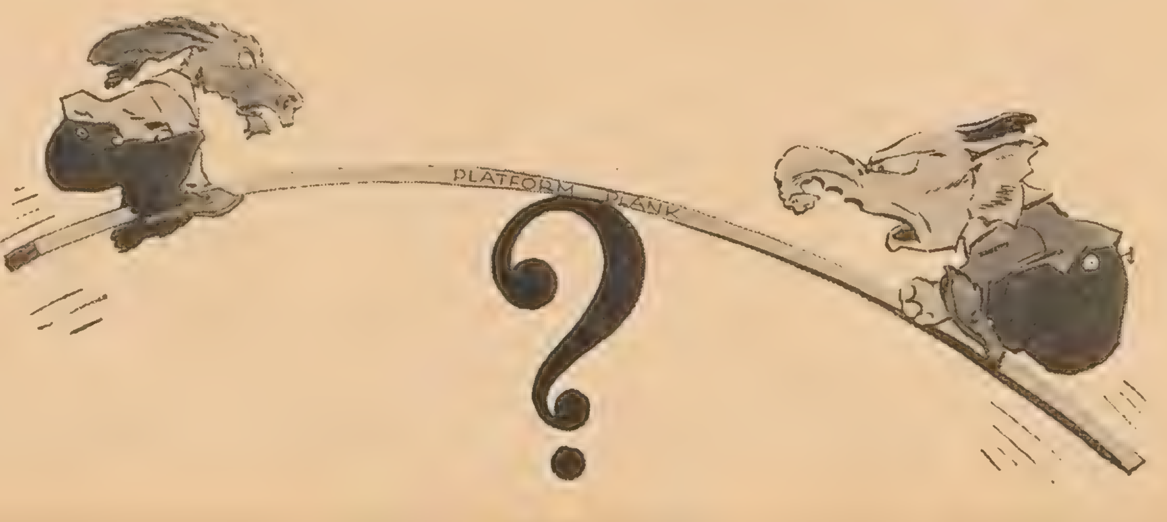
"Elimination of unnecessary and hampering regulations."

The Democrats are silent on this subject.

Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company, expressed the opinion that the integrity of the Supreme Court was the supreme issue. Local self-government and state rights and a retention of "our present form of government made up of sovereign states," was the demand of W. Gibson Carey, Jr., and Mr. Brown.

The Republicans pledge themselves "to resist all attempts to impair the authority of the Supreme Court." Governor Landon expressed the hope that "the state and interstate compacts affecting women and child labor" may be sufficient, but added: "If that opinion should prove to be erroneous, I want you to know that, if nominated and elected, I shall favor a Constitutional amendment permitting the state to adopt such legislation as may be necessary adequately to protect women and children."

The Democrats hint strongly at amendments to the Constitution if certain problems cannot be handled adequately by state legislatures.



THE END

The FOOTBALL "TRAMP"

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

TWO football coaches were talking over the tough life a pigskin mentor leads trying to satisfy everybody by winning every game.

"The ideal coaching job," said one, "would be a good-sized orphan school."

"Yeah?" replied the other. "Why?"

"Because there'd be no doting parents on your neck."

"Well," remarked the second coach, "I'd rather be the head coach of Sing Sing Prison, where there'd be no meddling alumni to give me headaches."

There are days when every football coach feels that way about his job. They are the times when the rabid alumni enthusiasts or fond parents put the bee on him to turn on his magic and make some fair-haired lad of moderate ability into a full-sized football hero. You would think, to hear them talk, that the one thing that mattered in the boy's whole life was to play in the big game.

You hear a lot of squawking nowadays about how football is stealing the whole show in many colleges. Faculty members complain that football is the major activity of the school and that the only reason the boys are on the campus is to play football.

Generally the blame is heaped on the shoulders of the football coach. He is generally credited with being the evil influence that wants to turn the whole college into a football-player factory.

The exact opposite is the truth. Most of the coaches of the larger schools don't want boys who come to college solely to play football. This isn't necessarily altruism or broad-mindedness on the part of the coaches. It is just common sense.

Any coach who has been on his job for some time has had experience with the tramp athlete, who isn't interested in studies at all and who goes from college to college to participate in the sports. A coach knows that this kind of athlete is no asset to a team.

The coach can't get a hold on the tramp athlete. He won't keep training rules. He is likely to go on a bender just before an important game. He is a disrupting influence. And about the time you have taught him to play your brand of football, he is rolled out of college for failing scholastically. All of your time with him is wasted.

A few years ago a fellow turned up on one of my squads who looked like a regular whirlwind. He was a born athlete and he could do everything with a football but swallow it. He could kick, pass, and plunge through the line. He ran like an antelope. I figured I had a world-beater. I gave him a lot of time and special attention.

Coach "Pop" Warner

Then, just when I needed him most, he was flunked out of college. He was a great football player but no student. I looked up that fellow's record and discovered that he had previously entered three other colleges, had played football for a season, and then flunked out. Each time he entered a college, he did so on his high-school credentials, never revealing that he had ever been on a college campus before. Since the four colleges he entered were in widely separated sections, he was able to deceive the authorities and play football, even though he was ineligible under the conference rules.

That is the typical tramp athlete for you. A coach doesn't want that type of athlete on the squad.

The fellows who make the most dependable athletes are generally those who hit the books consistently. If they have enough gumption to stick to their studies, the chances are that they will also stick to you through the seasons and perform uniformly on the gridiron too.

I have coached in several colleges during my forty years of football, and it is my observation that the go-to-college-to-play-football attitude is not fostered by the athletic coaches, nor by the players, but by doting parents and rabid alumni.

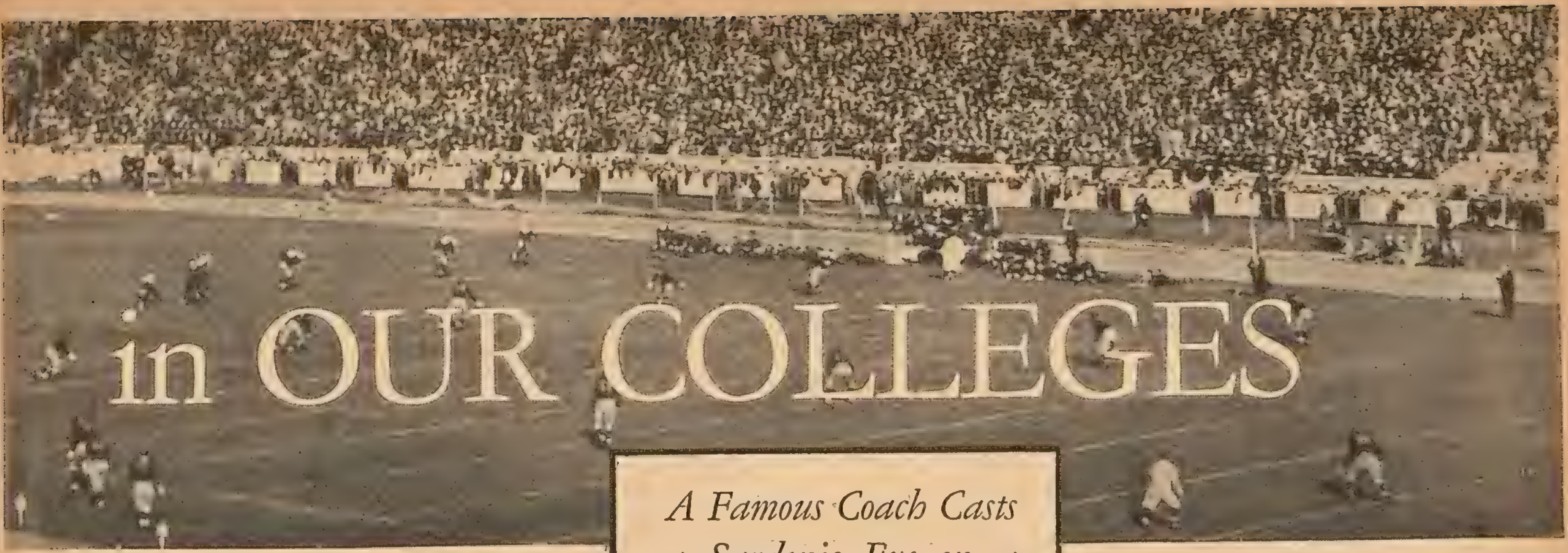
The doting fathers are reliving their college days and hopes all over again in their offspring. The rabid alumni are sophomores who never grew up. They are still whooping it up for old Podunk. They believe the one reason old alma mater keeps its doors open is to enable the boys to play winning football. Let the classes keep, if they don't interfere with football, but the team must win its games.

There is the alumnus who is always sponsoring some home-town prodigy. Down at Cornstalk Corners there is one by the name of George Oldgrad who always has a coming football phenomenon under his wing. He rounds up other loyal Podunkers and they raise money to send the boy to college to play football.

To hear them talk, this lad has a magic toe that will enable him to drop the ball on a dime at fifty yards every time he boots it, and when he really cuts loose he can kick from one end of the gridiron to the other.

When this local kicking wizard gets to college, there are five other fellows with toes that are just as marvelous, and some of them can play the other departments of the game better than he does. One of the others gets preference for the team.

Old George Oldgrad can never understand why his prodigy is not given preference for the safety position on the Podunk team. He burns up the wires with tele-



in OUR COLLEGES

A Famous Coach Casts a Sardonic Eye on a Famous Type of Athlete

by

GLENN S. "POP" WARNER

as told to

FRANK J. TAYLOR

grams and inspires other alumni to write to the coach about Cornstalk Corners's favorite son.

Somehow it never occurs to him that there are other things his protégé could do to make his time at college worth while, even if he doesn't get to be safety man on the football team.

It is hard to say who is worse, the overenthusiastic alumnus or the overhopeful parent. You would think that parents would have a saner outlook, but it is astonishing how many of them live in hope that their offspring may add luster to the family name by running eighty yards to a touchdown with one minute to play in the crucial big game against Siwash.

Often I have recalled what the late Knute Rockne told me about a father who was determined to make a great backfield player of his son. He coached and trained him through grammar and high school.

By the time he entered college this lad was a good player, and the father proudly turned him over to Rockne, assuring him that the boy would make a great name for himself. Rockne had him on the squad for two years but never used him in a major game.

THE father wrote letter after letter of protest and finally became so outraged that Rockne invited him up to South Bend to watch the son play in a practice game. In the play the boy repeatedly let opponents get through when he could have nailed them. On the attack he would charge up the line and then wilt. He just couldn't take it in the rough end of football. Football wasn't his game, and the father had no business sending the boy to college to play football.

As for the boys whom I have encountered on the football fields of several universities, they fall in the same two groups as do all students—those who go to college to really get an education, and those who want to pass four pleasant years. The former are there for business, the latter are out for a good time.

In either case, football or other athletic competition is good for them. The boys who are hitting the books need the exercise and the recreation that training for sports gives them. The fellows who are out for a good time are much better off if they are on the football squad, because training keeps them from spending their evenings at night clubs and carousing around. After a fellow has worked out on the football field, he is ready to hit the hay at night. Anyway the gay life and athletics just do not mix. It is one or the other, but not both.

My observation is that the present generation of students has a much saner attitude toward football and other collegiate sports than have the parents or the alumni. They take football in their stride and would not overdo it were it not for the pressure from home—and that of alumni admirers and the sporting-page writers.

Most alumni groups go to extremes in their eagerness to line up promising football talent for alma mater. Of course recruiting is officially under the ban, but there is no way to prevent alumni from sending a boy to college if they choose to do so.

I have never been able to see anything wrong with that. If athletic scholarships are the means of providing several thousand boys with college educations, when they otherwise might not have them, it is all to the good.

Furthermore, I think there is a good deal of logic in the reasoning of those who say that the boys who play on teams that earn sums ranging from a hundred thousand to half a million dollars a year for the universities they attend ought to have their tuition paid out of athletic funds.

The difficulty lies mainly in the attitude such help might create. Boys might be in college for the purpose of playing football, when they should be entering to prepare for life's work.

Another difficulty is that if you brought the inducements to players out into the open and granted members of the team free tuition, the alumni would still find ways of providing additional rewards. They would still be sending boys to college solely to make the football team.

In four decades of football I have never urged a boy to put athletics ahead of his college classroom work. Coaches have no illusions about football. It is a sport. That's all it should be.

Professors are particularly jealous of the time and energy that students are supposed to waste trying out for the team. Some of them crack down particularly hard on football players in classrooms and in exams.

Judged by their attitude toward football, the faculty of a college falls in three groups: those who are enthusiasts for the game; those who are bitterly resentful of football's place in college life; and the neutrals. The percentage in these groups varies according to the attitude of the president of the college.

There can be no doubt but that the general public reads and learns more about colleges in the sporting sections of the newspapers than from any other source of information. This ballyhoo is largely responsible for the urge of parents and alumni to have their favorite sons share the glory that goes with football stardom.

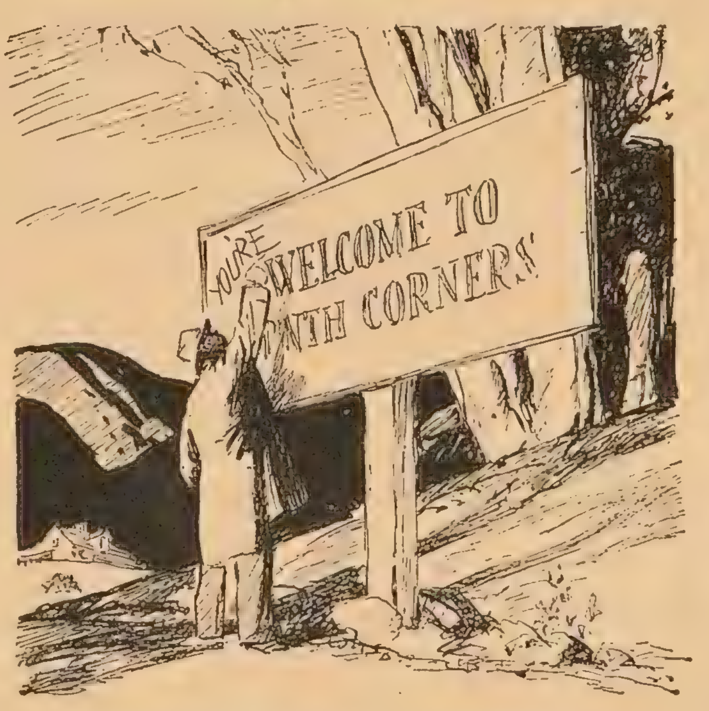
THE END

Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

A Flock of False Starts—At Last They're Off! Or Are They?

by NORMAN ANTHONY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS



So did retrace my steps in disgust, and on passing the sign did paint in a "You're."

MONDAY: Up, in high spirits at the prospect of our motor trip to the Coast and did sing with gusto "You take the high road and I'll take the low road," my dear wife making comment that if I persisted in such utterance we would most certainly take separate highways.

So to the garage to fetch the petrol wagon, and on the way back did stop in at a publick to acquaint my cronies with the news of our transcontinental pilgrimage and they did drink many a fair toast to our venture, and we did then repair to the curbside where we did christen our car the Covered Wagon and, having first emptied a bottle, did break it over the hood.

So home, explaining to my wife that something unforeseen had gone amiss with the car, to which she did agree, saying that not only was something wrong with it but that the vehicle I had brought home wasn't even ours, and she did suggest that we'd better retire as it wasn't advisable to try and cover too much distance the first day.

Tuesday: Awake, to find that my dear wife had already sent for our car, and she did make caustic suggestion that if it wouldn't tax my strength too much I might carry the luggage down, which I did and at the same time did store in the car at strategic points several bottles of liquor for medicinal purposes.

So, summoning my wife, we did climb aboard the Covered Wagon and say adieu to our many friends and neighbors assembled to see us off. But when I did wave a gay farewell and step on the starter, there ensued a horrible crashing of glass and a strong aroma of whisky, whereupon a kindly taxi driver did inform us that in some way a bottle had gotten mixed up with the fan belt.

So, unloading my poor wife, did repair to a near-by garage for a new fan belt and also to have the glass removed from the engine, a stint which took considerable time, and thence home and to bed.

Wednesday: Up betimes, singing California, Here I Come! But when we did reach the street we did discover to our consternation that the Covered Wagon had been stolen. So my wife, poor wretch, did perforce return once again to the apartment whilst I did repair to the station house to report the robbery, and I did meet there a man whose car had also been stolen.

So with him to a publick to talk of this and that, and thence home and jubilant to find that our car had been returned intact, my wife commenting that it was too bad I hadn't returned in the same condition.

Thursday: Awake in the gray dawn to find my dear wife shaking me vigorously and crying, "Go West, young man!" To which I did feebly retort that Mr. Greeley's advice was certainly not for me. But after divers sizzle seltzers and pickups we did depart, only to discover after traveling little more than a block that the milkman's horse and wagon were attached to our rear bumper.

So back to return the milkman's property, and then off once again as the sun rose over the housetops, and my spirits would have risen also had I not suffered a severe attack of hiccups, causing my wife to comment that she hoped it wasn't going to be a coast-to-coast hiccup, a quip which I deemed mediocre but one which gave me excellent excuse for stopping in at a publick to relieve my affliction, and I did find it necessary to make several prolonged stops ere my malady was cured. So on our western way rejoicing until darkness grew apace, and I did suggest to my dear wife that perchance we should stop at a hostelry to await the morn, but she did remark that so long as we had gotten no farther than Van Cortlandt Park we might as well return to the apartment for the night and save money. So home and to bed.

Friday: Up again with the dawn, and on our way until we did pass the city limits and reach open country. So on, putting many miles and words behind us, and at dusk we did put up at a tourist cabin.

Saturday: Up betimes, to find that the Covered Wagon would not start, so did set forth afoot in quest of mechanical assistance and did come upon a sign saying "Welcome to Corinth Corners!" But upon searching the village could find no trace whatever of a place to quench my thirst, so did retrace my steps in disgust, and on passing the sign again did paint in a "You're" in front of "Welcome to Corinth Corners!"

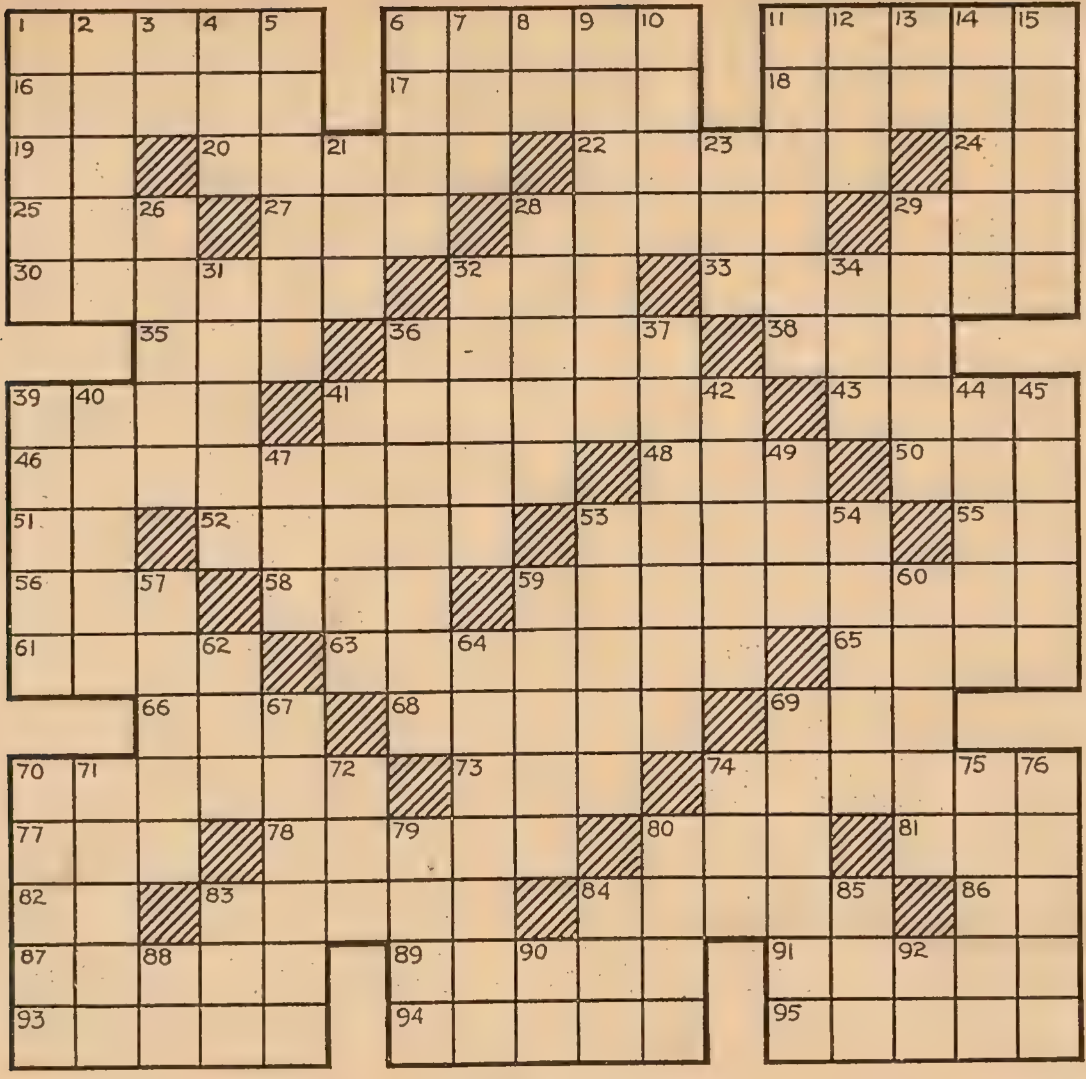
Back, to find that my dear wife already had the engine running. So once more we did take to the open road until nightfall, when we did seek shelter at a place which advertised "Tourists Taken."

Sunday: Awake to my wife's voice demanding of me would I kindly get the hell up and going. So did ask the proprietor for his bill and was taken aback at its size, so much so that I did inform him that his sign "Tourists Taken" was certainly no misnomer.

So awheel until we did come upon a sign saying, "Fifty Miles to Niagara Falls," and my wife did exclaim with excitement, remarking that that was where we had spent our honeymoon thirty years ago, and when I did retort that no man is crazy enough to want to go over the falls twice, she would not speak for the rest of the journey. But when we did enter the city and I did kiss her on the cheek, saying, "This is our wedding night, dear," she did smile happily and hold my hand.

Further surprising adventures await the ever-hopeful Mr. Dunkle. In an early issue he'll tell what happened next.

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Apportioned
6 To mark
11 Demonstrative word
16 Ascended
17 Fisher for lampreys
18 Causes to grow warm
19 Not
20 Select class
22 Measure of length
24 Printer's measure
25 Unusual
27 A constellation
28 Town in Delaware
29 Comprehend
30 Reclassify
32 Prefix: wrong
33 Sea ducks
35 Peer Gynt's mother
36 Town in W. Va.
38 Perch
39 Inquires
41 Probity
43 Deities
46 Thefts
48 Point
50 A difficult problem
51 A Japanese measure
52 A kind of eel
53 Entreat
55 Symbol for nickel
56 Corrode
58 Obtain
59 Light discourse
61 Killed
63 Inferred
65 Bonds
66 No
68 Aided
69 A cyst
70 Rocks
73 A color
74 Part of a stairway
77 A viscous liquid

```
SCANDAL SPANISH
CHINESE EUGENIE
HAM■WHALERS■KEY
OR■■■EVERS■■■SD
OIL■KNEE■EM■ETA
LOOSE■SKY■DECAY
STAKES■SER■CUSS
  FILES■SULLA
COED■TUB■BEADED
HARSH■MAS■STORE
ETS■RA■THIS■RAN
RM■■■WAHOO■■■ST
UES■BASSOON■LEI
BAZOOKA TOILERS
SLEDGES SOPHIST
```

Answer to last week's puzzle

78 Progenitors
80 Small compact mass
81 Sup
82 Either
83 Garret
84 Fortified
86 A parent
87 Depart
89 Gaze fixedly
91 Noticed
93 Ethereal salt
94 City in Germany
95 A net

VERTICAL

1 An estate
2 To wear away
3 Toward
4 Compass point
5 Make public
6 Greek letter
7 Female sandpiper
8 Indian mulberry
9 Goddess of vengeance
10 Sketched
11 Essay
12 Pronoun
13 Each (abbr.)
14 Guide
15 Slaves
21 Wrath
23 A mound
26 Male fowl
28 Has existence
29 Surgical appliance
31 Province in India
32 Infected with mange
34 Excavate
36 Gives
37 Stopped
39 Beasts of burden
40 Go stealthily
41 Rented
42 Relinquish
44 Fool
45 Inclosures
47 Ship's diary
49 French name for the fifth month
53 Stepped
54 A fruit (pl.)
57 Import
59 Fops
60 Baseball teams
62 Succeeded
64 Points out the way
67 Canopy over a bed
69 Broadens
70 Purloined
71 Weeds
72 To rest
74 A sheep
75 Mature
76 Garden implement
79 Ascend
80 A bird
83 A salutation
84 Form of to be
85 Female rabbit
88 By
90 Like
92 An element (symbol)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

You take a chance

WHEN YOU BUY THE unknown

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Vox Pop

"A Job in Every Home"

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The editorial on Home! Its Enthralling Allurement, by Mr. Macfadden in August 29 Liberty, hit the nail on the head.

Three years ago I founded the Home Providers League, Inc., out here, adopting as a slogan, "Return prosperity by giving a job in every home."

I reasoned in this way: Our local welfare department spends $4,000,000 a month for charity relief at a distributing cost of 25 per cent, the disbursement being through storehouses controlled by politicians. Why not take the same amount of money, I said, and spend it in placing in productive employment 40,000 men and women who are the heads of families, at $100 a month salary each?

In placing these 40,000 men and women in jobs, I suggested that the first ones to come under such a plan would be those who were living more than one family under one roof. A beneficiary would have to pledge that if he (or she) were the head of such a family, he (or she) would move into an individual home.

In this way a demand for homes would have been created to such an extent that a building boom would have followed immediately—a basic industry enormously stimulated.

At that time (1933) only about 25,000 real-estate vacancies existed; but we figured that a demand for 75,000 homes would be forthcoming soon, for the employment of 40,000 men and women (heads of families, remember) at $100 a month each would stimulate business to such an extent that it would require an additional 15,000 or 20,000 men to take care of the increase, who, in turn, would also increase business so that more men would be employed. It would be the rolling-snowball idea at work.

By this plan, indeed, it was felt that the $4,000,000 a month being spent for charity would be the means of employing approximately 75,000 men and women, directly and indirectly. And prosperity would have been on its way.

Simple as this plan is, I believe it could have been effectively used in practically every city in this country, and building trades and homes would have multiplied their profits and benefits instead of facing a disastrous shortage, as at present.—*J. H. Opie.*

A WELL READ TRASH MAN

GREENSBORO, N. C.—Yesterday I was chatting with the trash collector who makes the rounds of our street. After we had talked several minutes I happened to ask him this question:

"By the way, what magazine do you like to read best?"

He shot back without an instant's hesitation: "Why, Liberty, of course! It's always so easy to pick up the latest copy."

I wonder what he means!—*Norris Grubbs.*

HOT POTATOES—OUR SPECIAL DISH

TOPEKA, KAN.—This may be too hot a potato for even Liberty to handle, but it might get action if printed in a magazine of large circulation.

The United Spanish War Veterans have called by resolution for the deportation of three million aliens who are in this country illegally. Now, if every reader of Vox Pop who believes that the veterans have a good idea will write a post card saying so to Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins in Washington, D. C., I believe things will pop that will put new life into *true* Americans.—*Earl Fox.*

OTHER MENACES

BELLINGHAM, WASH.—It's about time some magazine came out in the open to give the American readers a few of the horrid facts on the Black Legion and its affiliated parties, as was presented in Major Eliot's article of September 5 Liberty.

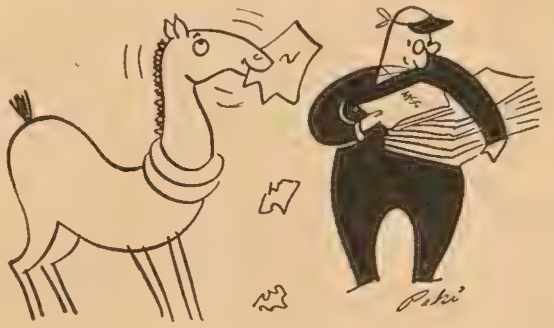
With so many menacing organizations rampant, one can readily appreciate a widely read magazine to give us a slice of the truth. Smooth talkers come to people's doors (mine is one of them) and attempt to convince us they represent an organization of great mission. Organizations with such pious titles as the Christian Party, alias "Silver Shirts" (known to be affiliated with the Black Legion), are a growing menace to our country with their peddling of hypocritical principles and false promises to people who are unaware of their true purpose and who cheerfully take to such propaganda. A friend of mine was actually led to believe that the aforementioned organization was of noble Christian character—an organization whose true colors are but a reflection of the Black Legion!

The trouble with us is that our attention is so completely drawn to fight communism that we neglect to notice the other menaces. We should heed that constant warning we give our children —"Watch all sides as you cross the street."—*Edna Z. Smith.*

OUR HORSE SAID "NAY"

DETROIT, MICH.—You must get an awful batch of awful short shorts with the extra bait you dangle, but what I can't understand is how you get the accepted ones into print after the horse swallows 'em. That's how you decide, isn't it? You feed 'em to a horse, and if he spits 'em out you return 'em.

The horse chewed on our last two for a month. (They must have had *some* good in 'em.) Gosh, if we had to retype *every* story every trip we wouldn't have time to meet on Tuesday evenings and relate these gruesome experiences. However, the Detroit Writers League is going to keep at you until the horse says yes.—*G. C. S. Nicholas, President.*



REAL FATHER OF COMMUNISM

BAKERSFIELD, CALIF.—Communism is not a new idea, as is evidenced by the following six fundamental propositions of the Illuminati, which was founded on the 1st of May, 1776, by Adam Weishaupt: (1) Abolition of all ordered government; (2) abolition of inheritance; (3) abolition of private property; (4) abolition of patriotism; (5) abolition of family; (6) abolition of religion.

If Weishaupt (alias Spartacus) could return from the dead, he would see that each of these is now being applied in present-day Russia under Stalin, Finkelstein (alias Litvinoff), and Sobelsohn (alias Radek).—*William J. Grandoschek.*

A PUNCH FROM A PUG

FORT MEADE, S. D.—Being a constant reader of Liberty, I have to admit enjoying it a great deal. Best of all, though, I like Vox Pop and its arguments and criticism both constructive and otherwise. Most outstanding was F. A. Teague's contribution (August 29 Vox Pop) of O Jafsie, Jafsie! It really showed him up in his true light.

Now a word about this article called The Case New Jersey Would Like to

Forget. Why not have kept it out of Liberty and really helped New Jersey to forget? After all, this case has been kept before the American public far too long.—*An Unrefined Pugilist.*

SHANE'S PUZZLE MAP

New York, N. Y.—We have often wished you would print a picture of Ted

Shane, to whom we really feel so much indebted.—*Margaret N. Gilliland.*

SHAMROCKS FOR G. B. SHAW

Boston, Mass.—P. O'Neill, who writes so contumaciously about George Bernard Shaw in Vox Pop (September 5), surely does not speak for the Irish. I wish to inform him that the people of Ireland think a great deal of the great dramatist, not only for the glory he has brought to the Emerald Isle by his writings but because of his stanch advocacy of the cause of Ireland. When it was to the interest of Shaw to line up with Lloyd George, MacDonald, and others who were trying to perpetuate English control in Ireland, Shaw stood up for his native land and De Valera.

Shaw recently not only refused to register as a British citizen but crossed the water to register as an Irish one. With all his vagaries, the Irish people look upon Shaw as a friend who does not hesitate to expose English hypocrisy, even when it is to his advantage to espouse the cause of Britain. —*W. M. Dooley.*

A WOMAN DEFENDS LYNCHING

Harrodsburg, Ky. — Would you dare to print some " news behind the news " in regard to that publicly witnessed Kentucky hanging? Deeply deplorable as the spectacle was, it was not near so brutal as the sight of the torn and ravished bodies of little girls and old women assaulted by Negro convicts who have been turned loose from penitentiaries to prey upon them!

Let some of those righteous newspapers which published editorials upon the savagery of the hanging dwell a little upon this phase of our " civilization."

The publicity was for a warning to other criminals; and it has an effect, statements to the contrary notwithstanding. Many of these murdered and outraged women are descendants of pioneers who did not hesitate to shoot on sight Indians who might have scalped them. The number of such crimes has increased appallingly. Let all sentimental judges, shyster lawyers, " interracial unions," and meddlers take note of this fact: Just so long as criminals are turned out to prey upon defenseless women, so long will hangings, lynchings, and organizations of defense continue.—*Southern Woman.*

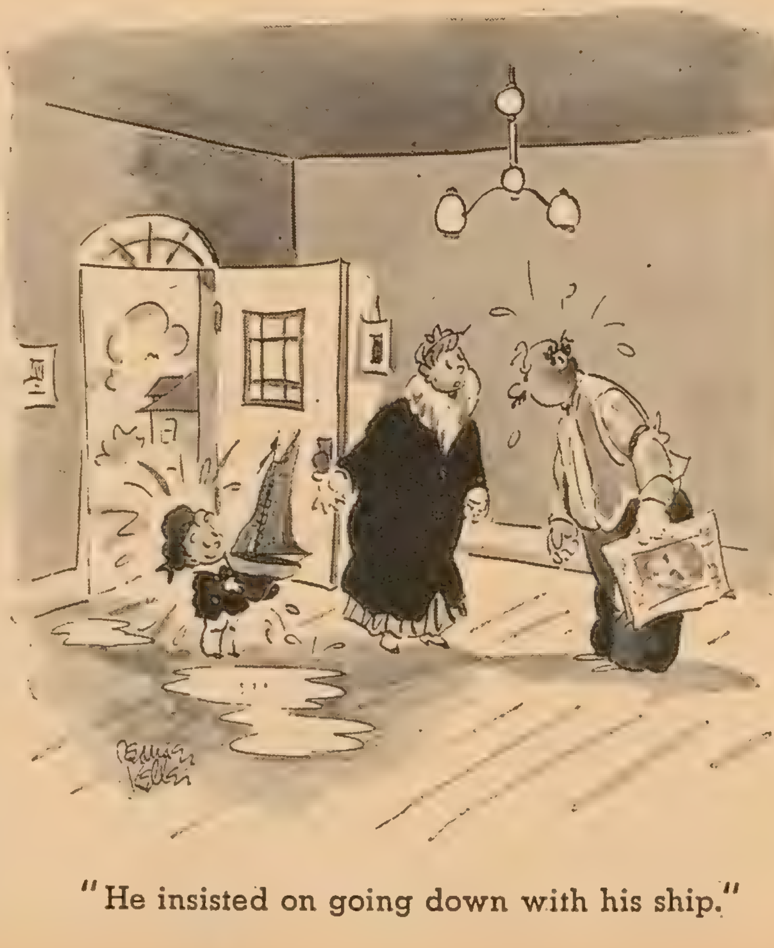
HEROIC JEWISH LEGIONS

Baltimore, Md.—Several weeks ago Liberty concluded a series of articles entitled Hell in the Holy Land, by Lowell Thomas, in which he gave an account of Todd Gilney's experiences with the Allenby forces who wrested Palestine from the Turkish yoke.

It would be more in keeping with the facts if our good friends Lowell Thomas and Todd Gilney had given us an impartial rather than a one-sided account of the victorious British forces in Palestine. The entire serial is permeated with high praise for the Arab allies who turned against their erstwhile friends in driving the Turks out of the Holy Land. In some parts of the story Todd Gilney seems to relish the savagery and butchery of Arab cohorts.

Would it not have been fairer for Mr. Thomas and Mr. Gilney to have included references to the splendid and heroic part played by the Jewish legions (which included hundreds of brave American young men) in the capture of Palestine? Not a word do they mention about the 38th and 39th Royal Fusiliers, consisting primarily of Jews, who gave more than a good account of themselves in performance of their soldierly duties under the command of that splendid colonel, J. H. Patterson. But such is the fate of the Jewish people that even their acts of heroism are overlooked.—*Simon J. Levin.*

"HARDTACK"



"He insisted on going down with his ship."

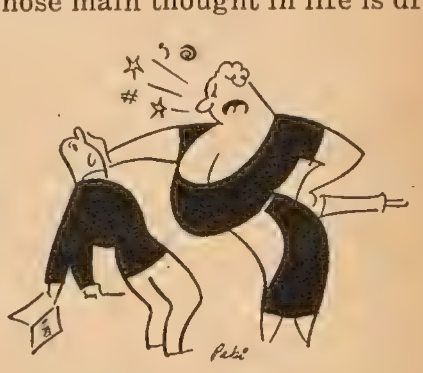
BOILS—A GOOD JOKE

Minneapolis, Minn.—I think this is a good joke for you, Vox Pop:

Some time ago I sent in a question to Twenty Questions asking where in the Bible a cluster of figs were good for boils, thinking, Here is where I will get a dollar for my question. Instead I received a nice letter from Mr. Macfadden telling me if I had boils to consult a doctor. Funny, was it not?—*Mrs. L. A. Ahrens.*

LIFE IS DRINK TO DUNKLE

Floris, Ia.—Mr. Dunkle's Diary seems not at all humorous to me. It seems to be the story of a besotted old man whose main thought in life is drink,



whose actions even run to lawlessness, and whose wife is too well acquainted with profanity.—*Hugh A. Perry.*

THE MOON'S ATTRACTION

Denver, Colo.—I appreciate the interest shown in my 'Tisn't So item regarding tides by E. Paul du Pont (August 22 Vox Pop). However, Mr. du Pont evidently forgets that the attraction of the moon varies inversely as the square of the distance. Without resorting to his confusing and admittedly imperfect comparison of the earth and moon to a pair of dancers, or touching upon his " swing " influence, we may explain this more clearly as follows:

The moon's attraction for the water on the side of the earth nearest it is greater than for the earth itself, since the attraction on the earth varies with the distance from the moon to the earth's center. For the same reason, the attraction on the earth is greater than on the water on the opposite side of the earth. Thus, the water is pulled forward on the side nearest the moon, and the earth is pulled away from the water on the far side, causing tides on both sides. The tide-raising forces on the side of the earth facing the moon are, of course, greater (approximately five per cent) than on the side away from the moon.—*R. E. Doan.*

THE Loves OF John Barrymore

The Story of a Great Wooer—in Which, Now, the Parade of Beauty Is a Strangely Long Time Passing a Given Poet

by

FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME
18 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

JACK'S first bride was Katherine Harris, a subdeb ten years his junior, related to the exclusive Lydigs and the august Harrimans. Her father was dead against the marriage; her mother was all for it, though, and so was her grandmother, Mrs. "Gabbie" Lydig Brady. It was probably a rousing letter from the grandmother to the seventeen-year-old granddaughter that carried the day for young love, after the father had caused the mother to put Katherine in a convent school in France. "Do not be afraid of Mr. Harris," Gabbie wrote. "Jack looks as if he wants a woman's care." After reading that, Kitty of course hurried home, and in August, 1910, she and Jack were married.

The bride appeared with her gifted husband on stage and screen, and for a time all seemed blissful. But in 1916 Kitty went to Santa Barbara, and a year later she was granted a decree. She explained that between performances Jack was always either reading or asleep. Jack explained that Kitty, when she married, had had romantic illusions about actors. He avowed a "secret passion for domesticity" that she hadn't suspected; and he said their breakup was mostly his fault, anyway.

Now that he was divorced, the one question on all lips was, naturally, "Which girl will get him next?"

PART FIVE—"FOR THE LOVE OF MICHAEL"

IF Jack Barrymore "needed a woman's care" in 1910, when Grandma Gabbie wrote Kitty Harris to come back and take care of him, he certainly needed it in 1919 after Kitty had left him for her Santa Barbara divorce.

He was living in a huge top-floor studio, once the attic of a fine old brick-and-marble mansion fronting Washington Square and abutting on that Bohemian region known as Greenwich Village. Here and hereabouts his bachelor escapades had been of a character to shock even this broad-minded neighborhood. His sayings and doings have become an integral part of Greenwich Village lore.

There was, for instance, the stranger at a Village party who insisted on calling him Jack the first time he met him. To him Barrymore replied:

"Don't be so formal. Just call me Kid."

Dusky Charles—the dresser-valet who, Jack says, has been with him so long that he has become the best liar in the world--did what he could to bring order out of the chaos of the actor's sprawling attic room, packed to the skylight with a confusion of massive Italian furniture.

But Charles was only partially successful. An exquisite desk that Lucrezia Borgia once used as a mixing table was piled high with neckties, paintbrushes, wigs, antique dolls, shoehorns, and a towering pile of unopened telegrams and presumably perfumed notes. A visitor looked inquiringly at the latter.

"Lot of fool women," explained Jack, tossing his hat and coat into a corner already occupied by a heap of woolen socks, sweaters, and dusty riding breeches.

"Don't you even open the telegrams?"

"Opened one once. Nothing in 'em. Read 'em. You'll see."

Invitations mostly, many from names which grace the society columns. The first one was typical of the lot. As his guest recalls:

"A lady on Park Avenue desired his presence at her dinner party. Desired is scarcely the word. She begged, pleaded, flattered, cajoled all over three pages. We sometimes visualize the poor dear lady—her perfect dinner party all planned, the guests assembled, breathlessly awaiting the lion of the evening—who never showed up. Who seldom, if ever, showed up, and left such a lot of poor dear ladies waiting."

The actor's life at this period was as disorganized as the room in which he lived it. There were plenty of women about, but no one woman—unless we count a temporary flurry over Tallulah Bankhead.

Tallulah was not the exotic beauty that she is now, but a rather plump determined young person who had come up from the South on a none too successful job hunt in New York. For a time the Algonquinites thought that there was something stirring between her and Jack. Sister Ethel was heard to speak rather vigorously on the subject to her pal, Zoë Akins. But there was nothing to it. The star did not fall on Alabama.

Apparently that passion for domesticity which Jack was supposed to have developed during the Kitty Harris era vanished completely with Kitty. In this Washington Square refuge he could indulge all his tastes to the limit—including his taste for reading all night.

Jack's method of reading, by the way, is unique. He has more books than any one man could hope to read one at a time, so he takes them in lots of four or five. Stretched at full length on the floor, on his stomach, with his job lot of books spread out around him, he reads a few pages in one, then a few in another. Psychologists may be able to tell what such a habit signifies. Jack can't. He just likes his reading that way—and all his life he has done a lot of it.

Following the cooling of his romance with Kitty Harris, our hero made his first substantial moves toward a serious stage career. To be sure, he had charmed in The Affairs of Anatol and flashed unsuspected dramatic force in Willard Mack's Kick In, but in his heart he had steadfastly refused to take seriously either himself or his art. To a group who went backstage to congratulate him on his first triumph in The Fortune Hunter he said quite sincerely:

"I'm no actor. I'm just a ham. They're merely cashing in on the family reputation."

It was in Boston, several years later, that the turn came. Sister Ethel was giving a benefit performance of Ibsen's A Doll's House, and, being short of players, commandeered Jack to play Dr. Rank. Swept away by the power of the lines he was speaking, young Barrymore found himself for the first time giving a part all he had. The audience seemed to sense the importance of the moment. So did Ethel, standing in the wings.

"Gus," she said, as he came off, "you're an actor."

Barrymore was discussing not long ago the effect on him of this discovery. "I was embarrassed," he said, "and ashamed, like a young man who finds that a woman he scorned has become the woman he loves with a passion beyond understanding."

There followed in quick succession Galsworthy's Justice, du Maurier's Peter Ibbetson, Benelli's The Jest, and Shakespeare's Richard III.

It was while he was playing Richard that Broadway romance scouts noticed that at the end of each performance, still staggering under the burden of the royal hunchback's massive armor, he would rush from the stage to a waiting taxicab and—armor, make-up, and all—speed uptown to an unknown address.

Now, Jack Barrymore's hate of hates is for the actor who is in his part both on and off the stage. He tells with relish the story of an actor who arrived home after his Shakespearean debut, and repulsed his family's greetings with:

"Don't talk to me. I'm Macbeth!"

So if Jack, who usually could hardly wait to exchange even a comfortable stage costume for the worn tweeds and the old hat, didn't stop to shed his creaking coat of mail before rushing off to some mysterious rendezvous—well, it was just possible that here was something that had not yet met the eye.

So one night the boys laid for him and followed him gunman fashion in a second cab, arriving in an exclusive side-street neighborhood just in time to see his clanging royal form disappear into the foyer of a town house belonging to Mrs. Leonard Thomas.

Here *was* something.

Len Thomas was, and still is, one of the best known and best liked men in New York society. In 1910, the year in which Barrymore married Kitty Harris, Thomas married Blanche Oelrichs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles May Oelrichs. She was strik-

"Michael Strange," the high-society poetess who was Mrs. Jack Barrymore number two, with their child, Diana.

Four of the seven (or more) ages of Jack Barrymore's "damned charm" as you see it in the left profile that he turns toward a camera. Below: His "fried-egg" right profile — aged 54.

The exotic Tallulah Bankhead. Jack felt her allure before the world did.

ingly beautiful. In fact, Paul Helleu, the distinguished French etcher, who spent much time in this country, declared that she was the most beautiful American woman whom he had ever seen.

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Thomas—who was afterward Mrs. Barrymore and is now Mrs. Tweed—is still one of the handsomest women in America. An editorial authority said, not so many months ago:

"Were I asked to name the most fascinating woman past thirty-five in New York society, I would not hesitate a minute before answering, 'Mrs. Harrison Tweed.'"

THERE have been recent indications that Jack Barrymore still agrees with this estimate. Before he went on the famous West Indies cruise with Elaine Barrie and her mother, Mrs. Jacobs, he is said to have offered the guest stateroom to his former wife. And, to complete the story—which is probably apocryphal—Harrison Tweed is said to have replied:

"If any member of my family is going yachting with Jack Barrymore, it will be myself."

As we know, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Tweed made the trip, and Mrs. and Miss Barrie-Jacobs did—which does not alter the fact that Blanche Oelrichs Thomas Barrymore Tweed was and still is a very beautiful woman.

In 1910 her marriage to handsome Len Thomas seemed like the ideal mating of the offspring of two fine old families. The Oelrichses, you may recall, were the clan whose society friends orchestra leader Eddie Duchin recently scandalized by his marriage to daughter Marjorie; and the Thomases, in their quiet way, were tops. Two children, Leonard Moorehead, Jr., and Robin May, further cemented the union—at least, for a time.

But the Thomases' tastes were fundamentally different. Leonard went to war, and loved it. Blanche wrote poetry, and loved that. Some said that Blanche's poetry was worse than Len's war. Here is the way one of the poems, Thoughts After an Hour in a Cabaret, began:

I have invited you
  To dance.
O listen to the music
  Swell and prance
Amidst the wattled glamour
  Of disease
That roars and prattles
  Like a can of peas.

Anyhow, Len and Blanche were about ready to call it a day when Jack Barrymore in his royal mail came roaring and prattling into the family scene. Soon Jack and Blanche, who preferred to be called Michael—from Michael Strange, her writing name—were as close, not as two peas in a can, but as two sardines. Jack had one of his "seizures," closed Richard III at the height of its run, and took himself to a sanatorium. Michael had a good talk with Len, took a boat for Paris, and got herself a divorce.

Mrs. Thomas secured her papers in February. The next six months were occupied with Jack's convalescence and a brief period of playing around the Hamptons. People wondered if Jack was really enough in love to give up his recovered bachelorhood. Other people were thrown off the track by Michael's continued visits to her ex-husband's cottage on Hill Street, Southampton.

She and Len seemed better friends after the divorce than before. He continued to handle all her affairs—except, of course, the one with Jack, which culminated, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, in marriage the following August.

It was a small but very proper wedding. The place was the Ritz. The guests included the bride's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles de Loosey Oelrichs; also the groom's sister, now Mrs. Russell Colt, and his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Barrymore.

The only exceptional thing about the whole performance happened at the Marriage License Bureau when it opened for business at nine o'clock on the morning of the ceremony—for there, at that unheard-of hour, was the Barrymore himself, up and dressed and standing at the head of the line!

Jack gave his age as thirty-seven; Michael hers as twenty-nine.

The second Mrs. Barrymore, Jack says, had never met the first until he introduced them, whereupon Michael said, "We should have much in common."

Much indeed! John, who is a firm believer in astrology, was quick to point out that both girls were born in the same town—Newport, Rhode Island—on the same day of the same year, and that they had both married him in the same month at an interval of just ten years.

He might have added, if he had been gifted with second sight, that he was going to stay married to each of them the same length of time—seven years.

MICHAEL was also to have some things in common with his third wife, with whom likewise he was to live seven years, and with the young woman who seems to be destined to be his fourth; for in Elaine's case as well as Michael's romance was accompanied by a nervous breakdown on his part and a quick retreat to a sanatorium.

In most other respects, however, Michael Strange was quite different from any of the women who preceded or succeeded her in Jack Barrymore's life. A notable difference, for example—especially notable at a time when girls still wore skirts—was her insistence on wearing the most mannish attire imaginable.

The following March the same issues of the society journals which carried the story of Len Thomas's marriage to the blondely beautiful Mary Good Sackett announced the birth of a five-pound daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John Barrymore. From this tiny infant has grown tall and slender fifteen-year-old Diana, who, according to her mother's recent announce-

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ment, "adores her father" and is his frequent companion both in New York and on board the famous Barrymore yacht.

When Father John is in Hollywood, parent and child do not forget each other. "We correspond frequently," Barrymore said not long ago, "and her letters are delightful. Recently she asked me to get her an autograph book full of the signatures of movie actors, which I, who have a horror of such things, promptly did. She named but one actor whom she *positively must* have. That was Johnny Weissmuller.

"Diana has also shown extraordinary discrimination in other fields. Not long ago she was having tea with Edward Sheldon, an old friend of mine. When he inquired about her schooling, she informed him there was one subject which particularly bored her—ancient Egyptian history.

"'Why?' asked Sheldon.

"'Well,' replied Diana, 'it strikes me as rather dreary and stupid for people to go through life entirely in profile.'

"My delight in this remark was tinged with a slight personal uneasiness!"

Another time, right after Freddie March had appeared in Barrymore's old role in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Diana wrote her father: "Dear Daddy, why don't you try to act more like Mr. March? He is one of my favorite actors."

BY the way, Jack makes no secret of his preference for being photographed with his left profile toward the camera. "The right side of my face looks like a fried egg," he once said. "The left side has features that are to be found in the face of any normal anthropological specimen, and those are the apples that I try to keep on the top of the barrel. . . . I get so much exercise swinging actors and actresses around, in order to turn my left side toward the camera, that I always am in perfect physical condition."

But to get back to 1921 and Michael Strange: Ethel and Jack produced Michael Strange's poetic play, Clair de Lune, at the historic Empire Theater, scene of many a Drew and Barrymore triumph. It failed, according to Jack, "mainly because it was so full of Barrymores that the audience couldn't see the play." There were other reasons, of course; but the presence of two Barrymores in a third Barrymore's play, coming so soon after the birth of a Barrymore heir, drew what was probably the most splendiferous first-night audience in the history of the American theater.

To the casual onlooker it seemed as if every leader of New York society was present; but the astute society editors claimed to see in certain notable absences evidence of the rift caused by the socially prominent Mrs. Thomas's marriage to a mere Broadway actor:

"Where was 'Birdie' Vanderbilt? In the days when Blanche Barrymore

THE *customer* WILL SEE YOU

He's in

You know he is. You telephoned ahead from your last town for an appointment.

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You know he will. He said so when you telephoned him.

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It was a memorable day when, in 1617, a Dutch apothecary discovered the art of distilling brandy. But it was a greater day when, in 1765, Captain Richard Hennessy gave to an appreciative world Hennessy Cognac Brandy, the finest product of the vintner's art. Today, throughout the entire world, Hennessy is the preferred liqueur.

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was Mrs. 'Len' Thomas, 'Birdie' was one of her closest friends. Then, one might pass lightly over the absence of Clarence H. Mackay if one did not happen to know that Mr. Mackay was a close friend of the former Mrs. Thomas."

Then a more optimistic note, involving an old acquaintance: "The former Mrs. 'Herbie' Harriman, who now calls herself Mrs. Brady Harriman, and who is in a way a connection of the Barrymores through Jack's first wife, was almost boisterous in her approval of the play."

The very moderate financial success with which her efforts as a playwright met did not diminish Michael's enthusiasm for the stage. George Bernard Shaw is said to have assured her that she was the actress type. A French producer, struck by her unusual beauty, persuaded her that she would be a success on the screen. In short, the acting bug began stinging her.

Barrymore, having failed to make his first wife a really distinguished actress, was presumably not inclined to try again with his second—especially since Michael Strange was a round dozen years older than Kitty Harris had been. Jack sincerely admired his wife's talents. He liked her poetry, even her play. He gave her full credit for having encouraged him, when they first met, to do Richard III, the success which later inspired him to attempt Hamlet. But as an actress he just didn't see her.

Possibly he was right. Five years after their marriage, Michael went out on her own and appeared with a summer little-theater group in Oscar Wilde's The Importance of Being Earnest. She played what is known to American theatergoers as the Margaret Anglin role. The play ran exactly one performance.

There were personal as well as professional reasons for the couple's increasing unhappiness. Scarcely a month had passed after their wedding, according to reports which finally reached the newspapers, before the glamour caused by their domestic infelicity brought angry protests from other tenants in the apartment house. On at least one occasion Mrs. Barrymore is said to have sent for her former spouse, Len Thomas, to see if he would not come over and try to restore a temporary calm—and Len, good sport that he is, did come, and did a certain amount of restoring.

The plain fact of the matter seems to be that Jack and his wife were either savagely in love or savagely in anger. When, after two years' separation, he rushed to New York between pictures to ask his wife's consent to his third marriage, they picked up the gauge of battle right where they had dropped it.

"My God, you've gotten gray!" were her first words.

"I haven't any such thing," were his. "It's the light in this room. You always did insist on having funny lights."

Jack said it was just like old home week! But he admitted that she was very nice about his embarrassing errand—in fact, disconcertingly dispassionate. Later, when his marriage to a beautiful movie actress was announced from Hollywood, her only statement was:

"I wish everybody happiness—including them."

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Much more recently, when reporters ran to her to tell her that the youthful Elaine was cruising the Caribbean with her ex-husband, she remarked:

"I am sure she must be a delightful person, or she wouldn't have been invited."

Pressed for a comment on Jack Barrymore's seemingly erratic doings, she was quoted as saying:

"John Barrymore is like Buddha, so far as I am concerned. What I mean is that I feel I am better qualified to discuss Buddha than I am Mr. Barrymore."

Jack is more articulate than she in discussing the reasons for the failure of their marriage.

"Michael Strange," he says, "was a dynamic poet with a brilliant intellect. She had modern ideas and wanted to get somewhere. She had a forcefulness which in those days I misinterpreted as stubbornness and a desire to rule.

"WITH Katherine Harris I had been able to have my own way, mostly, about social affairs, and had become something of a hermit. But Michael Strange's rule was something else. She dragged me to parties in New York. She led me to Europe and tossed my protesting body into the company of long-haired artists, unshaved writers, dolled-up society swells, and dukes and princes and ambassadors in London, Vienna, Venice, and the Riviera."

Anyway, Jack soon sickened of the idle life. He longed to be back in his own world, the theater.

"When I finally fled from the tea hounds," he said, "and landed in New York, I found that John Barrymore had been practically forgotten. I knew it would take something terrific to bring me back into public notice, and since I didn't feel justified in shooting a chorus girl and since nobody asked me to indorse a cigarette, the logical thing for me to do was to suppress no longer my desire to do Hamlet."

Rumors of his intention had preceded him; also rumors that it was to be a modernistic Hamlet. When he stepped off the gangplank, a reporter asked him:

"Will you play Hamlet in modern clothes?"

"No," said he; "but I'll play King Lear in the nude."

The scribes gathered from this remark that the Barrymore was himself again!

As all the world knows, he did play Hamlet on Broadway for more nights than any other actor has ever played it. And he played it in London, achieving a success such as no other American actor has ever made there. He returned, as he confesses, floating on air. From that point there wasn't any place to go but back. It was his last appearance on the stage.

It was his last appearance, too, as the husband of Michael Strange.

"It seemed clear that we weren't going to get along," Jack explains, "mostly because of my bad temper, my disagreeable disinclination to adapt myself halfway to my wife's mode of living, and my general irresponsibility. It was then that I went to Hollywood."

And it was in Hollywood that he met Dolores Costello!

"Duckiest" Dolores, the youngster with golden hair and blue, blue eyes! He discovered her for a picture, fell in love then and there, called upon her every blessed evening for a year and a half. Real-life melodramas exploded before their marriage. Know the story? You don't know the half of it—as Mr. Collins will demonstrate, to your delight, next week!

GOOD BOOKS—*by* OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ ★ **FAIR COMPANY** by Doris Leslie. The Macmillan Company.

An absorbing and lusty tale of four generations of women against the background of an old English house. Throughout, from Sabrina Wrotham to Laurencina, the girl of today, characters and story grip the reader's interest. A novel not to be missed.

★ ★ ★ **LOST MORNING** by DuBose Heyward. Farrar & Rinehart.

Heyward's long-awaited return to the field of fiction. He gives us a stirring story of a man's spiritual struggle within himself.

★ ★ ½ **YOU MAY CROSS-EXAMINE!** by Lewis Herman and Mayer Goldberg. The Macmillan Company.

An enlightening presentation of the high lights of the cross-examination phase of the courtroom, with examples taken from famous and dramatic cases.

★ ★ ½ **THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION** by H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company.

This is apparently a somewhat involved study of the psychology of human desires.

★ ★ **SMOKING ALTARS** by Gladys St. John Loe. Claude Kendall, Inc.

Romantic setting in Kenya and an English country estate with a stark tale of a native wench, inherited madness, and several murders.

★ ★ **TWO NOVELS** by Ursula Parrott—**WHEN SUMMER, RETURNING** and **THOUGH YOU BE FAR.** Longmans, Green & Co.

Two readable but not significant stories of young love and heartbreak. Though You Be Far is pretty thin. When Summer, Returning, has more body and is doubtless destined for the silver screen.

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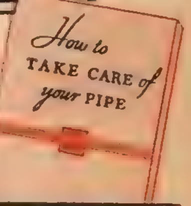

Peace Without Women

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

In the hall a dramatic sight: Garth striding in with the limp

DECORATION DAY. Not yet warm enough to breakfast out on the roof terrace, but the French windows could be opened and the sun was gilding two rectangles on the parquet floor. Over the parapet of the terrace the broad expanse of the East River paled in the excessive brightness. The coffee was exactly right. Lexie Folsom lit a cigarette and regarded his father. They sat cater-cornered at the table. Garth Folsom had stood his newspaper against a still-life arrangement of water bottle, fruit dish, and rose bowl, and was reading it while he pushed toast into his mouth from the other side. He was wearing a dressing gown of blue-and-orange brocade with a cobalt-blue scarf around his neck. It was only on a holiday that a banker could indulge his love of strong color.

And of course it suited him; the dark hair, crisp as a boy's; the ruddy unlined face; the straight nose and the resolute gaze at the newspaper. He didn't look within ten years of his age, which was forty-eight. With his vigor and ruthlessness he was like a Florentine in his brocaded gown. And he hung together; there were no weakening contradictions in his character. Lexie felt an aesthetic satisfaction in contemplating his father.

Garth glanced up suddenly. "What's the joke?"

"No joke," said Lexie. "Just a sense of well-being."

Garth looked out of the window. "Nice day!" he grunted, and returned, immediately, to the newspaper.

"I warned Lily, but she was drunk with speed."

"Remember the crumby furnished flat on Trent Street in Pittsburgh?" said Lexie. "Mission furniture and sofa cushions with frills. Your salary was forty dollars a week, and I went to the public school around the corner. Lord! How I hated it!"

"Did you?" said Garth. "Such a poker-faced kid. I never knew what was stewing in your skull. Why bring that up?"

"I like to remember that foul joint now. It puts an edge on this."

Garth let the newspaper slide. "This is pretty good!" he said, stretching. He sat up and glanced at the empty chair opposite him, and his eyes widened. "All it needs to make it perfect—"

"Oh, for gosh sake!" interrupted Lexie, laughing.

Garth laughed too, but he continued to look at the chair dreamily. He made passes with his hand to express curves. "Lovely, graceful, delicate," he murmured; "in a delicious lacy negligee—"

"Lace is not worn," said Lexie.

"How do *you* know? I don't care whether it is or not. There is nothing so beautiful as a round arm reaching out of a lacy sleeve to hand you something."

"More often it reaches out palm up!"

"What! Cynical? At your age?"

"I was only thinking of peace. Masculine peace like this on a holiday morning. Would it be possible with a woman in the house?"

"So you think woman's place is outside the home," said Garth, laughing. He set up his newspaper again.

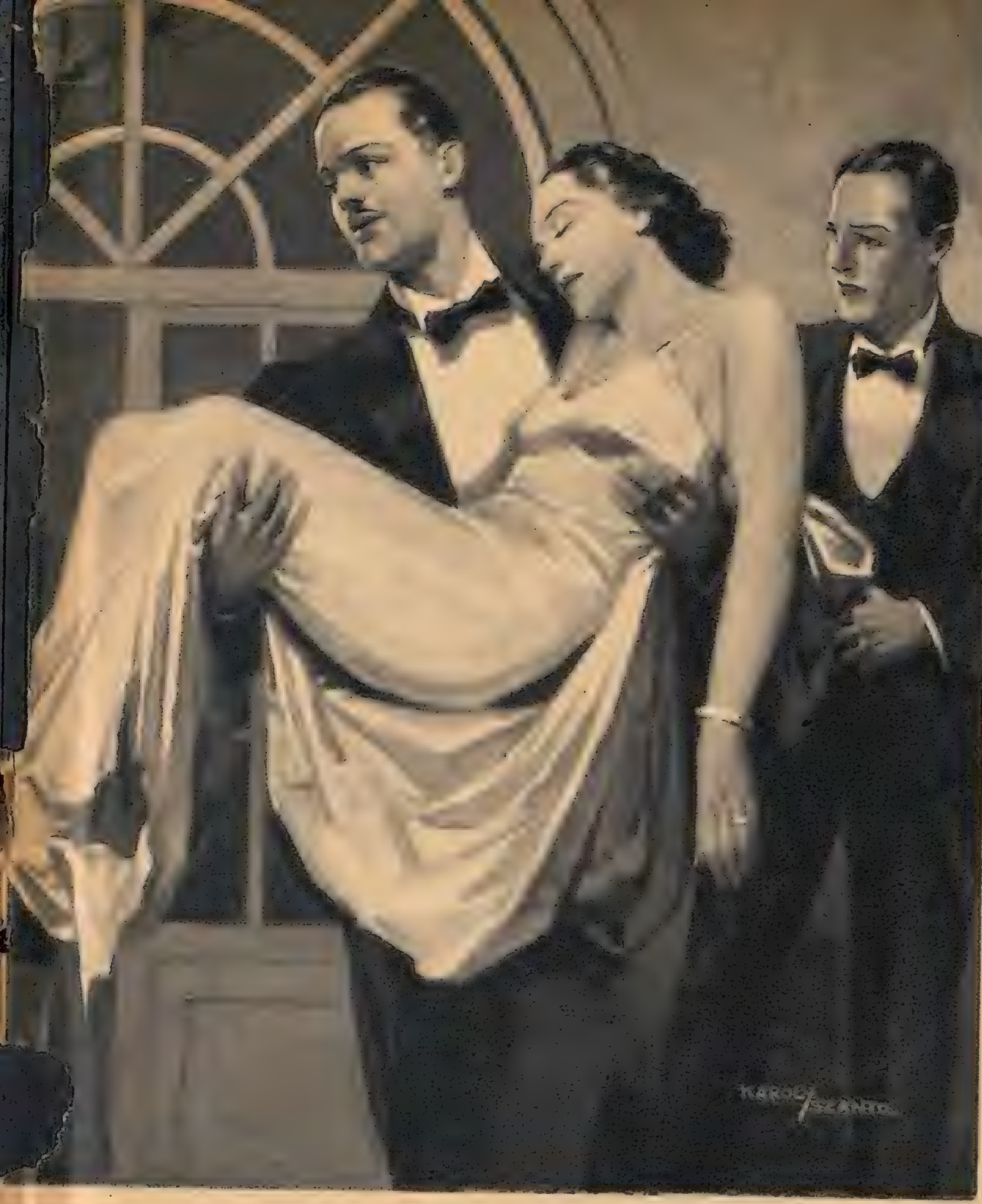

figure of Lily in his arms. Lily's beauty was unmarred, but her dress was torn.

What Happens to Fathers Who Have No Sons to Guide Them? Here's the Gay Story of One Who Had

by HULBERT FOOTNER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KAROLY-SZANTO

Lexie studied him covertly. Was he only speaking generally or was there a new one? Certainly the affair with Mrs. Wintringham had run its course, and he hadn't seen Margaret Thornbury for ten days. Effie Grier was still dangerous, but she was in Hollywood at present, and Lexie hoped she'd stay there. It was only to be expected in the full-blooded Renaissance type, of course. Always falling for a woman! It was all right as long as she didn't get her hooks into him. They were all angling for Garth. And he never learned anything from past experience. That was where his hundred-per-cent masculinity betrayed him. A man had to have a bit of the woman in him before he could cope with the sex.

GARTH needed to be married. Lexie had faced that out with himself. But not to the sort of woman he picked for himself. Lord! Why couldn't he see what was happening to his married friends? Occasionally the right sort of woman turned up, and once or twice Lexie had even maneuvered to bring such a one to his father's attention. But she always kept her eyes down, waited to be courted, and Garth never noticed her. Whereas a woman who knew the power of her eyes and used it unscrupulously could always get him going. It was a nightmare.

Garth glanced at his watch. "Time for me to dress soon," he said.

"What's the program?" asked Lexie.

"Thought I'd run up to Sleepy Hollow," said Garth casually—*too* casually to Lexie's attentive ear. "The links will be in prime condition."

"Home to dinner?"

"No. I'll take a bag and dine at the club. They're having a dance tonight."

He has a guilty look, thought Lexie. There *is* a new one. I must look into this.

Garth saved him the trouble. "Lily Beddowe's coming to pick me up at eleven thirty," he said self-consciously. "She has a new convertible coupé. Her latest toy."

To Lexie it was like the crashing of an alarm signal. Lily Beddowe! The most dangerous one of all! And he had been caught napping! Lily Beddowe—who as a young girl had married a rich old man, and, when he died, got herself a richer one and divorced him! And now twirling the rope for his dad!

He stalled with a glad smile. "Coming here?"

"You like her?" said Garth, gratified.

That scared Lexie more. Garth thought it important that he should like her. He had to answer instantly and at the same time think ahead. How far had it gone? He said: "Like her? Would you ask a man if he 'liked' the Jungfrau at sunrise? She is magnificent!" Judging from his expression, Garth did not consider the comparison a happy one.

"You're a brave man," Lexie went on, grinning idiotically. "Trusting yourself for an entire day to La Beddowe! Lunch, the links, dinner, and dancing!"

"No danger," said Garth, laughing. "I'm case-hardened."

Overconfident! thought Lexie with a sinking heart. He said: "Of course she's out to marry you."

"Nonsense!"

"All the unattached women in her set would like to marry you. The beautiful buccaneer could never refuse such a challenge."

"Buccaneer?" said Garth, running up his eyebrows.

"Wouldn't you say that was her type?" said Lexie. "She has already towed two rich galleons into port."

"Her first husband died," said Garth.

"Sure; no fault of hers," said Lexie, grinning.

"Well, it takes two to make a marriage," said Garth.

"You never could get a woman to believe that," said Lexie. "Women regard marriage as their game, and us men as mere pawns to be shifted round on the board."

Garth looked out of the window. "You—you said you liked her," he remarked.

"I do," said Lexie. "She's one of the most beautiful women I've ever seen. She puts on a grand show—"

"But what?" demanded Garth.

"Well, I'd hate to see her marry a father of mine."

"Why? Not that there's any chance of it, but I'm curious to know."

"As soon as she had you secured under hatches, she'd sail off in search of new conquests. It's the nature of a buccaneer. I've heard you say yourself that the only way to keep 'em interested is not to marry 'em."

Garth grinned suddenly. "Did I say that?"

Lexie released a breath of relief. Having won his point, he made a feint of retreating. "Honest, dad, are you serious about this? Lord! I'd sooner bite off my tongue than—"

"God forbid!" said Garth. "I'm not going to marry anybody."

An item in the newspaper caught his eye.

HULBERT FOOTNER

is equally at home writing sophisticated fiction and stories about life in the old-time Canadian Northwest. He is the author of many novels laid in the north country, as well as of numerous rousing murder-mystery tales. He lives with his family at Charlesgift, a farmhouse built in 1650.

Technically Lexie had won the skirmish, but he wasn't taking any bows for it. Lunch, the links, dinner, and dancing! Lily Beddowe knew what she was about. And Garth was so unwary he would march right into a trap with flags waving. What was to be done? One word too much would only hasten the catastrophe.

Garth asked: "What are you doing today?"

"Going up to Jack Blaine's."

Garth shook his head. "Jack Blaine! That dry little stick!"

"We're writing a play together."

"Writing a play! And it's May and a holiday, and you're twenty-four years old!"

"Well, sticks must be true to themselves."

"You're not a stick! Your mother's son and mine couldn't be. This is just a fixation. Why don't you find yourself a girl?"

"Where?" asked Lexie, looking around the room and under the table.

"Don't be a clown! Seriously, Lex, have you never— Of course it's none of my business, but I'm interested. Have you never—"

"Tested my manhood?" said Lexie, grinning. "No."

"Oh, Lord! That's not right," said Garth with so comical a look of concern that Lexie went off into a peal of laughter. "Twenty-four! Why, before I was twenty—well, never mind!"

"What am I going to do about it?"

Garth began to laugh too. "Go ahead! Pull my leg! I suppose that's what fathers are for. Just the same, you ought to go out more, Lex. You don't care much for my crowd. Well, there are others. My crowd happens to be the most conspicuous, but it's not necessarily the best society. I don't kid myself. Perhaps you can have more fun when the spotlight isn't trained on you."

"I don't like a crowd," said Lexie—"any crowd."

"You've got to know a crowd in order to give yourself a choice of individuals." Garth got up. "Got to hustle now." He hesitated, glancing at Lexie almost shyly. "Look, Lex. Come on up to Sleepy Hollow this evening. You and me ought to be seen around together more. All kinds of people come to a club. Lily knows 'em. She'll introduce you. Come to dinner."

Lexie, pleased to the marrow, answered casually: "Sure, I'll come. But not to dinner. I'm not going to make a third at your table. I'll be up right after dinner."

"Good boy!" Garth strode out of the room whistling. He left Lexie with plenty to mull over in his mind.

HALF an hour later Lily Beddowe entered the living room with a smile. Instantly Lexie's heart began to race. The Enemy! And so good to look at that he was beaten before the battle! Must make a stand against her. She was dressed as simply as a child—a deceitful simplicity, because there was an electrical quality in her glance that revealed the victorious woman.

Her smile thinned a little when she saw that Lexie was alone in the room. "Where's Garth?"

"Sorry. Still dressing," he said. "We loafed over breakfast."

She was a tall woman with flesh both fresh and firm. The chiffon dress was designed to reveal its quality. When she came close to Lexie it made him a little dizzy. She treated him as a small boy to whom one must be polite.

"You and Garth are really great pals, aren't you?"

"Inseparable!"

She wandered around the room examining everything. Each time she passed a mirror she looked in it—not with a smirk of gratified vanity, but detached and critical like a good general overlooking the disposition of his forces. Thirty-six, Lexie decided, but Time's finger had not yet left a smudge. Or if it had, she'd erased it.

When Garth entered the room she swam toward him all softness and lusciousness. They did not kiss, but she snuggled a little, and Lexie was stung with jealousy of his handsome father. Funny what contradictory feelings a man could harbor all at the same time.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," said Garth.

"Oh, that's all right," she said. "Lexie was entertaining me."

"Hm," said Garth with an uneasy glance at his son. "What were you talking about?"

"You!" said Lily.

Garth hastily changed the subject. "How's the new car?"

"It's a duck! You should see how it leaps ahead of traffic when the light changes. I can scarcely wait until we get up into the country where I can let it out."

"A new car?" said Lexie. "Don't you have to hold it down in the beginning?"

"Not a Du Flon," said Lily kindly. "They're so beautifully synchronized you can let them go from the start."

Lexie thought: God help my wandering dad tonight!

AS soon as they were out of the apartment he went to the telephone—but not to call up Jack Blaine. He wanted ammunition and his great-aunt, Mrs. Eversley, was the one to furnish it. He angled for an invitation to lunch, and it was not difficult to land.

Over the chicken timbales she gave him an earful. "Lily Beddowe!" she said. "Dear, dear! She was the most beautiful girl of her season! Lily Ruggles she was then. Good blood on both sides but not a penny. Gibson drew her, and dear old Perry Gore christened her the Sapphire. From the color of her eyes. She was a sensation!

"But she had a good hard head, that girl. Married old Lewis Calder. Bless my soul! Lewis must have been thirty years older than Lily Ruggles. He'd made his money out of wrecking street railways. At least that's what they said. Let them go to smash, you know, and emerged richer than ever.

"He cut up for over twenty million they say, but of course he had a lot of children. However, he left Lily a million free and clear, and three million more in trust with the proviso that it was to go to the Metropolitan Museum of Art if she married again. They say she went through her million like mites through cheese, and of course when she married Winston Beddowe she lost the trust fund. But as Winston was worth near sixty million in New York real estate inherited from the old admiral, and no encumbrances, Lily thought she should worry!

"She divorced Winston Beddowe seven years ago. Of course I don't know how much she got out of him in alimony, but it was a thumping big sum. Have you ever seen Winston Beddowe? Looks like a mute at a funeral. A year later he married a Mrs. Ockley from Georgia. A woman of no family. Widow with a grown daughter who calls herself Miss Beddowe now.

"The present Mrs. Beddowe is a very plain woman. Perhaps her husband reminds her of it when he's in a pet. Anyhow, she cannot forgive her predecessor for being beautiful. Her hatred of Lily is the ruling passion of her life. Also of her daughter's. They consider that Lily is robbing them of what is rightfully theirs. And what do you think, my dear? I'm told that they have been making up to the judge who signed the order for Lily's alimony. His name is Featherstone.

"They have him to visit, and of course the Winston Beddowes are great people and it flatters a mere judge to be asked to stay at their house. And they have already got him to say publicly that he doesn't consider that any award of alimony should be perpetual, and that he for his part is prepared to cancel any order that he has issued in the past, should circumstances justify it. And *that's* the whip that the present Mrs. Beddowe cracks over Lily Beddowe's head. It's quite a story, isn't it?"

"Most interesting," said Lexie.

It was near ten when he arrived at the Sleepy Hollow Club. Dancing had commenced, but Garth and Lily were not in the ballroom, nor could he find them in any of the other rooms. He side-stepped the anxious girls who had come with poppa and mama on the chance of picking up a date. His anxiety grew. Finally a servant told him that Mr. Folsom and Mrs. Beddowe had dined at the club and had afterward gone out for a spin in Mrs. Beddowe's car, leaving word that they'd be back for the dancing.

Time passed and his anxieties mushroomed out. He moved through the rooms, hating everything, cursing himself now for having declined Garth's invitation to dine. Delicacy had no place in war to the knife. Meeting one of his father's friends who was somewhat advanced in his drinking, Lexie accompanied him into the taproom.

"Devilishly pretty woman, Lexie; devilish pretty! I mean Lily Beddowe. Saw old Garth dining with her. Hope there's nothing serious in it. Looks bad, you know, dining alone together like that. Good Lord! Wouldn't it be terrible if old Garth *married* her? What I mean is, she's *too* pretty, if you know what I mean. The responsibility is too great for any one man."

While he maundered on there was a sudden stir in the entrance hall outside. Several men went to the door to see what was the matter. Lexie paid no attention until word came back, spreading from table to table. "What's the matter? . . . Motor smash. . . . Who is it? . . . Garth Folsom." He sprang up, knocking his chair over backward, and ran out.

IN the hall a dramatic sight: Garth striding in with the limp figure of Lily in his arms, blood running down one side of his grim face. Lily's beauty was unmarred, but there were cuts on her arms, and her pretty evening dress was torn. Lexie's heart contracted painfully, then swelled in relief. Garth wasn't hurt if he could carry her like that. Lily was no sylph.

To those who pressed forward to relieve him of his burden Garth gave a gruff refusal. He strode on to the stairs. "Nothing serious," he was saying. "We came back under our own power. She has fainted from shock, that's all. Oh, there you are, Lex! Come upstairs."

Lexie followed them. Lily was carried into a room and laid on the bed. Doctor, nurse, first-aid kit—the club was provided with everything. Garth was led into an adjoining room. His shirt was gaudily patterned with his or Lily's blood. Lexie pulled it over his head and the doctor presently came in to dress his wound.

"Just a superficial cut," he said. "No stitches necessary. Surgeon's tape will do the trick."

"And Mrs. Beddowe?" asked Garth.

"She's all right."

While the doctor worked on his face Garth described to Lexie what had happened. "We were doing seventy or better on a straight stretch of the Tarrytown road. I warned Lily, but she was drunk with speed. There was a turn to the left and she couldn't make it. Crashed through a fence. Grand car. Stayed top side up. The windshield cut us."

"Lucky Lily's face escaped," said Lexie.

"I leaned over to grab the wheel," said Garth.

MEANWHILE his tuxedo had been whisked away by a servant to be sponged and pressed. Lexie went to try to borrow shirt, collar, and tie from some member who lived in the club. He procured these articles without difficulty, and in half an hour Garth was arrayed again.

The nurse came bustling in from next door. "Mrs. Beddowe is asking for you, Mr. Folsom. . . . Oh, quite all right! Says she wants to dance as soon as her dress gets mended." Garth went to obey the summons. "See you downstairs," he said over his shoulder to Lexie.

Lexie slowly descended. Now that his anxiety was relieved his heart was sinking like a piece of waterlogged wood. God was fighting on Lily's side! At the bottom of the stairs he was assailed with questions. Over and over he had to tell the story of the accident.

Breaking away, he went outside to think things over. Useless. Once the fatal words were spoken the matter was out of his hands. *What was happening upstairs?* He went in again. Garth and Lily had not yet appeared. More people pushed up with the same fool questions—not that they gave a damn; they only wanted to get in it. He went into the bar and took a stiff drink. *What was happening upstairs?*

After a long time the sound of hand clapping drew him out into the hall again. Garth and Lily were coming down the stairs arm in arm. A glance told Lexie that the worst had happened. The fatal bond of a shared danger! Lily's face wore its softest smile—soft and triumphant! She hung on Garth's arm and looked up in his face adoringly.

Lexie met them at the foot of the stairs. Lily slipped her free hand under his arm and pressed it. "*Darling* Lexie!" she whispered.

He was tempted to answer, "Yes, darling mother!" but resisted it. The fragrance, the touch of her made his head reel slightly. Witch! he thought. Linked together, they proceeded through the corridor. Lexie thought: Garth will never be able to

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get out of it after a public recognition like this! Lily was whispering in his ear: "It was so sweet of you to come up tonight. I expect you gave up your own plans. Just for us!" He was perfectly well aware that he was being taken into camp, but his arm tingled where her hand lay upon it.

The music was playing. When they reached the ballroom door Lily said to Garth: "Let's take a turn around the room to show everybody that we're all right." Lexie thought: To show everybody that I've landed you, you mean!

They danced away. Every eye followed them and he could read the lips saying: "What a handsome pair!"

When they had made a circuit of the room the music signed off. Picking up Lexie at the door, they went on through the corridor and dropped into chairs on a screened veranda at the end. Conversation did not prosper. Garth was grim and self-conscious under his son's eye; Lily cool. Having popped a sweet into the child's mouth, she was now intimating that he had better run along. Lexie stayed.

"Don't you know any girls here?" said Lily.

"Plenty of them. But I'd rather sit and look at you."

"Sweet of you!"

When the music started again he asked if she would dance. "Charmed!" she said, rising at once. "But only a turn or two, darling. I still feel a speck shaky."

GARTH accompanied them to the door of the dancing room and went on—from the look in his eye, bound for the bar, Lexie guessed. They danced. Lily was the same height as himself. Her face was very near his. How delicious her breathing! His head began to go round again. Hold everything! he said to himself. This is no time for dallying. When they had made two circuits of the room he said to her: "Let's go outside for awhile."

"Love to! But Garth?"

"He's nailed to the bar."

"I'm so thinly dressed."

"My car is parked right close in the drive. I'll wrap you up."

"Just for five minutes, then."

When he had wrapped her in his overcoat Lily said: "I've got something to tell you, darling. I want you to be the first to hear it. Garth and I are going to be married."

"How wonderful!" breathed Lexie. "I'll be so proud of you!"

Apparently she didn't quite care for that. "We'll be like brother and sister!" she said quickly.

"Think of having *you* in the home!" he murmured.

"Will you be living with us?" she asked.

"Not of my own choice, darling. All depends on dad. My salary down at the bank wouldn't pay my bar bill."

"A man wants to be independent," said Lily. "Don't you worry. I'll soon bring Garth to see it."

Lexie thought: Thank you for nothing! He said: "Does brother rate a kiss?"

"Not when we're alone, darling. Any other time."

He took it anyhow. She didn't mind. "You're as generous as you are lovely!" he murmured. "You'll be giving up so much!"

"What do you mean, giving up?"

"Your liberty, beautiful one!"

"Oh, that! That's Victorian. Nowadays marriage frees a woman."

"Not my father's wife. He's primitive man. Medieval."

"I don't find him so."

LEXIE laughed indulgently. "Bless your heart, butter wouldn't melt in his mouth *now!* He's holding the handcuffs behind his back. But once he is sure of you! Dad is absolutely ruthless; with him it's rule or ruin."

Lily laughed delicately.

"You don't believe me?"

"Certainly I believe you. But I'm not intimidated."

"Oh, well, if you love him I suppose it will be a pleasure to give in to him in everything. I've been giving in to him all my life and I'm crazy about him."

"Hardly the same thing," she murmured.

"You mean you will have a whip of your own to crack?"

"Don't be coarse, darling. I mean it isn't the intensely masculine man who is the most difficult to manage."

Lexie thought: My poor dad! He said: "Still, it must be pretty awkward living with a primitive man. Dad is incapable of accepting the modern theory of marriage. If another man looked at you covetously he'd be quite capable of killing him. And you too."

"How thrilling!" she murmured.

Lexie thought gloomily: I'm taking the wrong line! He made a fresh start: "I was really thinking of material things when I spoke of how much you'd be giving up. You could marry anybody."

"Well, why not Garth?" Lexie could hear the smile in her voice.

"He's not a rich man."

"He's a leader."

"Oh, as president of the Atlantic National he holds down one of the biggest jobs in the country. But it's only a job. Not much security in a job. He has no private fortune."

"None at all?"

"All wiped out in 'twenty-nine."

"But *what* a job!" she murmured. "How much does he get?"

"A hundred and fifteen thousand."

"Is that all?"

"They had to take a big cut after the Congressional investigation."

"Well, anyhow, such ability as Garth's is better than a fortune. Nothing can stop him."

"Sure! If only he wasn't so darn pigheaded! After all, the old geezers who own the stock call the tune. Garth could be fired tomorrow."

"They couldn't replace him."

"Certainly they couldn't. But there's this theory in the Street, that if you can swing a big enough capital you don't have to hire brains."

"How ridiculous!"

"Absolutely! But that's what the big Gees think, not having any brains themselves. It's this proposed merger between the Atlantic National and the Hamilton that worries me."

"What's that?" asked Lily sharply.

Lexie grinned in the dark.

"I'm afraid it's inevitable," he answered in a gloomy voice. "You see, the Hamilton is the second largest bank in the whole country, and the Atlantic is the third largest. If they combined they would be first by a couple of hundred millions, and that appeals to the vanity of everybody concerned."

"Well, Garth would be the logical president of the combined bank. Pennington of the Hamilton is just a stuffed shirt."

"Sure, darling, everybody knows that. But Pennington, whatever may be under his shirt, is the brother-in-law of the Terwilligers, and the Terwilligers will hold stock control. All we underlings in the bank know that Pennington is slated for the presidency of the greater Hamilton. Such information seeps down to us through cracks in the concrete."

"Garth would never submit!"

"What could he do about it? He owns no stock."

"WHAT does he say about it?"

"Nothing. He's playing an ostrich role. Refuses to admit the possibility of such a thing. Of course they'll offer him a smaller job, and of course he'll tell them what they can do with it. There isn't a job in New York that he could take without losing face."

"What will he do, then?"

"Get out of New York. Dad's a simple man; that's his strength. He often says nothing would suit him better than to go out in the sticks and start over. And that's what he'll do—Tulsa or Pocatello, or Skagway, or some such place."

He felt a little shiver run through Lily. "Cold?" he asked.

"A little."

"Well, anyhow, you're not exactly a pauper," he said. "You could help."

Lily said nothing.

"It's so very nice to be able to talk to you like one of the family. You inherited a fortune from Mr. Calder, didn't you? And Winston Beddowe must have come across handsomely."

Silence beside him.

"I hope you got it down on the nail from Beddowe."

"Why?"

"Alimony is so damned uncertain. Any judge who grants alimony can always change his mind later."

A long silence.

"Oh, well," said Lexie, "money isn't everything. Dad and I have lived on forty dollars a week, and the three of us could do it again, and have a swell time. Cigarette?"

"No, thanks." She wriggled out of his coat. "I must go in."

"Oh, must you? Can we finish our dance?"

"No. Garth will be looking for me."

Lexie took her into the entrance hall and let her go. He had a healthy instinct that the time had come for him to duck.

Glancing into Lily's pinched and bitter face, he thought: Well, anyhow, Garth'll get a taste of what's in store for him.

Lexie was scared by what he had done. When you gave the handle of Life a turn you never knew what tune was coming out of the box. But he didn't regret it.

He returned to his car and drove home.

AT breakfast time next morning a raw east wind was whipping rain against the French windows and all comfort had departed from the dining room. Lexie, waiting for his father, drifted back and forth, too fidgety to eat or to read the newspaper. Garth in a rage was a formidable proposition, and he felt like a schoolboy again.

When he heard his father's door open he hastily sat at the table and made believe to be absorbed in the Herald Tribune. Garth strode in. "Good morning," said Lexie with an offhand glance at his face. It was as black as a thundercloud.

"Morning," growled Garth, opening the Times.

Lexie poured his coffee and passed it. Bessie brought in his breakfast and, seeing the storm signals, tiptoed out again.

Garth read and ate, scowling, and Lexie saw that he was not going to get a word out of him. He thought: Got to find out where I stand. He glanced through his newspaper for an inspiration.

"I see that your friend Gilbert Annesley is being sued for divorce," he remarked.

"Serves him damned well right!" said Garth. "Look at what he married! One of these alimony chasers. Annesley was her third, wasn't he? Now she's got number four picked out. Bigger and better alimony. Lex, that class of women is a curse to our country! Selfish, soulless parasites! For Pete's sake, when you want a wife choose a real woman; one who hasn't been corrupted by luxury and notoriety and all this idiotic running around; one who will give you something—sympathy, understanding, affection. Promise me that before you commit yourself you'll let me look her over, Lex. Because I've had experience. I know them through and through!"

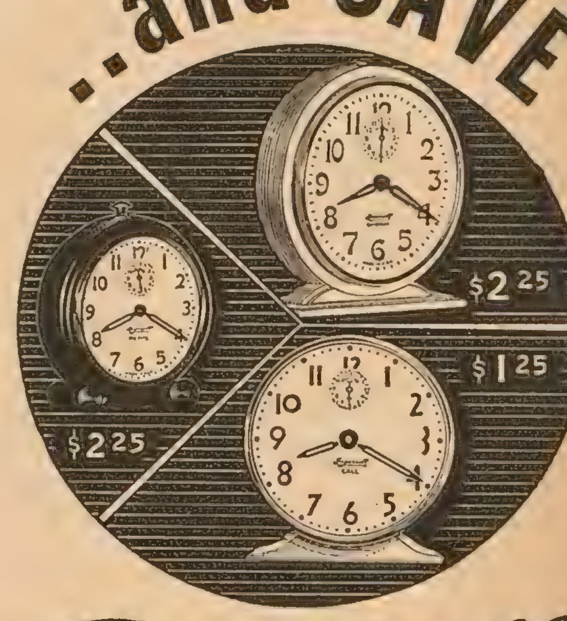
A great content descended on Lexie.

"O. K., dad."

"Come on, let's get down to work!"

THE END

WAKE UP... ..and SAVE



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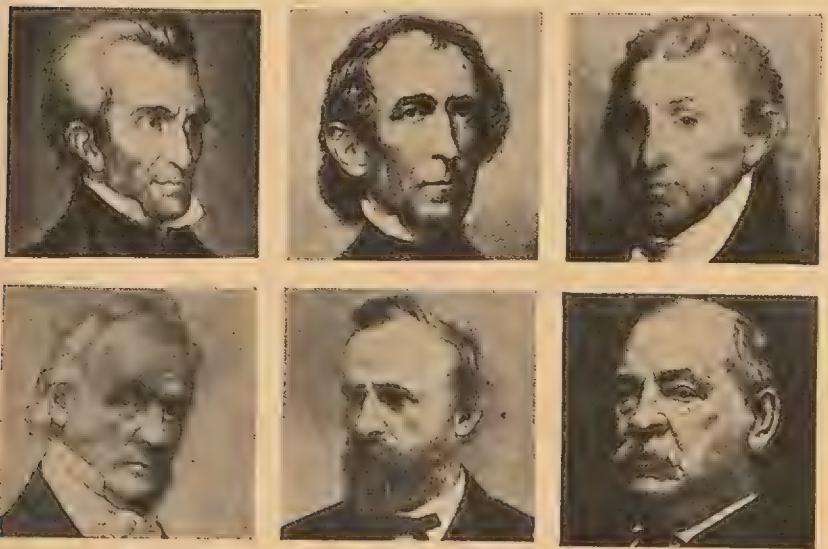
When you have completed Coupon No. 5 you will need the first four coupons to make your entry complete to date. If you have not saved the copies of Liberty containing this material, you can obtain reprints by writing to the contest address in Rule 5, being sure to enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. When you receive this material you can bring your entry even with the field.

THE PRESIDENTS WHO ARE DESCRIBED THIS WEEK ARE IN THIS GROUP



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1. Each week for eight weeks Liberty will publish a coupon containing verses relating to the Presidents of the United States, together with groups of pictures of the Chief Executives.
2. To compete, identify the President referred to in each verse; clip the portrait that applies and paste it in the space at the left of the verse. Then write the President's name on the line provided.
3. Save all coupons until your set of eight is complete, then submit them as a unit, at the end of the contest, together with a statement of not more than 150 words explaining " What the Constitution of the United States means to me."
4. The entry with the greatest number of correctly completed identifications, accompanied by the best statement, judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness, will be awarded first prize. In the order of their excellence, the next best entries will receive the prizes listed in the prize schedule. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. Address all entries by first-class mail to GAME OF PRESIDENTS, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. All entries must be received on or before Friday, November 27, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
7. No entries will be returned. Liberty cannot enter into correspondence regarding any entry. Simplicity is best. Avoid elaborate presentations. By entering you agree to accept the judges' decisions as final.

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COUPON NO. 5

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When it came to framing the pact of the states,
A son of Virginia prompted the fates.
As framer and signer, the two in the one,
His name will be ever 'neath Liberty's sun.

....
(Write name of President here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

The man and the President afar apart,
Because of the crime of a dishonest start.
Yea, never elected, yet seated in state,
With tenure of office that was a mismate.

....
(Write name of President here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

When Key's hand was writing his immortal lines,
The soldier and fighter that history defines,
Engaged in defending a city of grace
That British attackers had sought to deface.

....
(Write name of President here)

PASTE CORRECT PICTURE HERE

A Speaker as well as the Chief Magistrate,
He marshaled the forces of well deserved fate.
They hailed him " Napoleon " in skillful campaign
Where waved those fair banners that netted his gain.

....
(Write name of President here)

CLIP HERE

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Triumph and Tragedy in a Bittersweet Chronicle of Success: A Look into the Heart of the New Pied Piper of Hollywood

by FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

BOB BURNS and his Bazooka

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

BOB BURNS had two pieces of gas pipe—and an idea. These three items finally gave him an earning power of $6,000 a week. Then tragedy struck. His wife, his helpmate of fifteen years, died suddenly. As Bob himself puts it, it "punctured the whole balloon." He is now trying to readjust himself to fate.

If you know your air programs or your movies you know Bob. He spins yarns about his kinfolk in Arkansas, offers a few homely philosophical truths, and plays the bazooka—which consists of two pieces of lead pipe, a tin funnel, and a piece of wire, and emits curious sounds when Bob blows into it.

Just before his wife's death I visited him in his second-floor five-room flat in Hollywood. Bob was proud of it. "We were paying twenty-seven fifty for the place, but they raised the rent five dollars," he says. "I almost moved. This sort of thing can't last."

Only a few days later, his wife told him at last of a major operation she must undergo. She had known for months that she must, but she hadn't wanted to spoil his fun.

The operation took place and Mrs. Burns died after a relapse. I thought of what Bob had said about his luck: "I don't like to talk money. It sounds kinda hammy. But this whole business is a game. I'm averaging six thousand a week now, but we're saving it all.

"I was born on August 2, 1890, in Van Buren, Arkansas. My real name is Robin Burn. I'm the inventor of the bazooka. When we were kids I played the mandolin, my brother Farrar tinkled the guitar, and all the boys gathered at our house and we had sort of an orchestra. I had a trick of greasing a broomstick and running it across one of my fingers. It was kinda tough on the finger, but I got a sorta music out of it.

"I remember, when I was about fifteen years old, playing back of Hayman's plumbing shop. My finger, what with that broomstick, began to feel sore. I picked up a section of gas pipe and blew through it. Then I stuck a roll of music in the end and regulated the sound.

"My uncle, Henry Hink, helped me make the first bazooka. I used to go on in home-talent shows. I'd play any instrument, or sing, if I got a chance. Finally a little tent minstrel show came to Van Buren. They had a fellow who played on a cigar-box fiddle. A friend of mine told him about my bazooka. Five minutes later I was showing it to him. I got hired for three dollars a week. We toured through Arkansas, Texas, and Louisiana. Then in New Orleans I got a job unloading bananas. That kept me going until my brother Farrar came down with some money and his guitar.

"We went around to a place called Martin's Café. We got the music job there. I played the bazooka.

"In off times I'd go back to Arkansas and civil engineering," he says. "My father had been a civil engineer and so had my grandfather. But this profession couldn't hold me. I'd bum my way into a town, go to the man who owned the local picture show, tell him about my bazooka, and borrow thirty-five cents. With that I'd go to the town plumber and have him make me a bazooka. Then I'd play in the theater for a dollar or so."

Just before the World War came along he was working in the classified-advertising department of the Chicago Herald. "It was tough," he says, "but the bazooka helped. It's the greatest icebreaker in the world."

When America went into the war, Burns enlisted the first week with the marines. He took the bazooka along. In France he organized a band.

"In Paris my band played before the generals and society," he says. "We broke into the best homes; I got into 'em overnight with my bazooka."

Back home, he played in vaudeville for eight years with Claude West, but the team never made the big time. Starvation was just around the corner when the Fox Film Company signed him up to do blackface comedy with John Swor. The team was named Black and Blue, signed to a five-year option contract at $300 each.

"That was the high spot of my life," confides Burns. "No thrill will ever equal that. But out in Hollywood the Fox studios never got around to making blackface comedies. For a year I didn't make a nickel.

"I did a thirty-minute audition for Station KFI in Los Angeles. They cast me for the role of a Southern colonel. I got seven fifty a broadcast. That was 1932. Next I worked in the Gilmore Oil Company's Air Circus. Then I first did the character of Bill Ozark in an air show. Bing Crosby heard me and wanted me. But his sponsors would have none of it. I had no name."

That was where he started east in his old flivver!

Not so long ago Van Buren, Arkansas, held a big homecoming celebration in honor of Bob Burns. He played the bazooka, and there was a parade. While his wife was ill he was guest of honor at the Little Rock Centennial. He had motion pictures made of the reception so that she might see his glory.

But she never saw the pictures. She was dying when he returned to the desolate apartment.

THE END

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

It Happened In

GUELPH, ONT.—"Clear the court," ordered an official in police court as Angelo Veleriote's case came up for trial. "Proceed," said the judge when all was quiet. But the case had to be postponed: The prisoner had been "cleared" with the others.

RALEIGH, N. C.—An obviously inebriated gentleman telephoned the police station and talked to Sergeant W. H. Clarkson.

"How many patrolmen on the street tonight?" he asked.

"Plenty," said Clarkson.

"How many in radio cars?"

"Six," said the sergeant.

There was a pause.

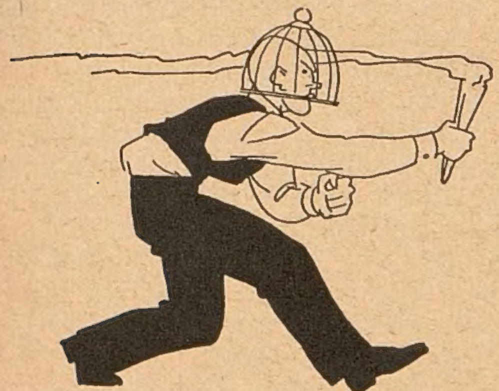
"Guess we better stay where we are," the voice said.

YUMA, ARIZ.—A Hollywood motion-picture producer, at work in the desert here, found that the scenic background was too drab for his Technicolor film. He ordered a crew of painters and several carloads of paint and sprayed the desert sands until he got the required pastel effect.

TRENTON, N. J.—An excited woman's complaint that a demented man was dashing about her neighborhood was relayed to a police radio car.

She explained that the man must be a lunatic because he went about with a bird cage on his head and a torch in hand.

Back came this report from the police car: "Supposed demented man is beekeeper. Hive escaped and he equipped himself with head net and smudge torch to recapture bees."



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

Here's a couple that were picked up in Texas:

No checks cashed. Not even good ones.

Use less sugar and stir like hell; we don't mind the noise.

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WHY ARE WOMEN CRAZY ABOUT HIM?

Robert Taylor is the favorite man of American womanhood today—and the biggest star on the horizon of Hollywood.

Suddenly American women by the thousands and then by the hundreds of thousands began writing him letters. And Adela Rogers St. Johns knows why.

In her story in Liberty next week she tells it all.

And while American women were making Robert Taylor into a movie star of the first magnitude, a dressmaker in Moscow was leaning out of a window and throwing three roses at the feet of a man who marched behind the coffin of a dead woman. The man—Stalin. The dead woman—Stalin's wife. The dressmaker? She was a creature beautiful and strange, and because of her, sixteen men, all friends of Stalin, were shot to death by his order only a few weeks ago.

This story behind the scenes in the life of Russia by Princess Radziwill is another of the thrilling tales in Liberty next week, together with stories and articles by Odgers T. Gurnee, Captain W. J. Blackledge, Nancy Scoggins, Dora Macy, Bert Green, Dick Williams, and others.

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Charm AND Personality AND HOW TO ATTAIN THEM
home lessons in tap dancing
SO YOU WANT TO WRITE A SONG? by ROBERT BRUCE
A.B.C. SHORTHAND

The Secretary-Stenographer's Desk Book, by William Allan Brooks, introduction by Andre Maurois—a book that will help you to solve at once hundreds of questions of correct form, usage and sound business practices—points the way to better jobs and better pay by showing you how to raise yourself to the standard of the highly skilled, highly paid secretaries of big business executives. It contains hundreds of personality hints, efficiency suggestions, lists of words often misspelled and confused; how to build a vocabulary; rules for correct capitalization; accurate punctuation; letter writing; sources of useful information; postal information; patents; copyrights; passports; weights and measures; special terminology and information about advertising; publishing, insurance, real estate; what you should know about contracts, correct form in salutation, closing and address of public officials. A fine, big, helpful book. Send for it today. Postpaid **$1.00.**

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